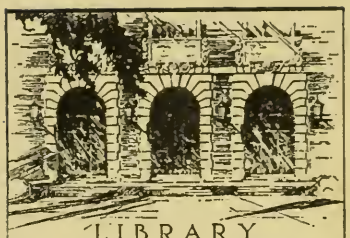

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
M355t
1834
v.1

CENTRAL CIRCULATION AND BOOKSTACKS

The person borrowing this material is responsible for its renewal or return before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **You may be charged a minimum fee of $75.00 for each non-returned or lost item.**

Theft, mutilation, or defacement of library materials can be causes for student disciplinary action. All materials owned by the University of Illinois Library are the property of the State of Illinois and are protected by Article 16B of *Illinois Criminal Law and Procedure*.

TO RENEW, CALL (217) 333-8400.
University of Illinois Library at Urbana-Champaign

OCT 26 ENT'D

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date. L162

TWO

OLD MEN'S TALES

THE DEFORMED

AND

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

SECOND EDITION

LONDON

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY CONDUIT STREET.

1834.

LONDON:
E. LOWE, PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.

823
M355x
1834
v.1

THE DEFORMED

In One small Volume, bound in Silk,

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

"This is the art of conversing and corresponding by means of flowers; take the jasmine, the heliotrope, the scented honeysuckle, an inverted tulip, twine them together with the ivy, and in lieu of presenting an unmeaning nosegay, you are offering a delicate compliment, spoken, 'tis true, in perfumed silence, but well understood by the initiated. It is a most novel and ingenious amusement."—*Morning Paper.*

THE DEFORMED.

Un Dieu descend toujours pour denouer le drame,
Toujours la providence y veille et nous proclame
Cette justice occulte, et ce divin ressort
Qui fait jouer le temps, et gouverne le sort.

LAMARTINE.

THE circumstances of life having thrown me into very close communication with a certain noble family, and made me acquainted with several events, which appeared to me remarkable; I have thought it well to record them in the best manner I am able; esteeming, as I have always done, a faithful representation of human conduct and its consequences to be the best moral lesson which can be read to youth.

I was young when I first became connected with the family of the Marquis of Brandon. I had just then succeeded to the severe toils and the scanty remunerations of the medical administration of the town of Carstones and its adjoining neighbourhood—a neighbourhood, I may say, almost entirely in the dependence of the Marquis of Brandon, whose magnificent park nearly surrounded the pretty little town, in which I was to reside. Indeed the principal street of Carstones served, as it would seem, but as an avenue to one of the outer gates of the castle, and was terminated by the frowning towers of what had once been the keep of that vast feudal edifice, which for centuries had been tenanted by this noble family. The town in fact owed its existence to the vicinity of the strong hold; and the castle built, as such fortresses commonly were, on a proud commanding steep, towered above the little collection of houses; inhabited by those who seemed to combine, in their relations with the

great Baron of the strong hold, something of the base submission of slaves, with the affectionate dependence of children. But things were now altered; though, as far as dependence and servility went, the present inhabitants of the little town might have rivalled their ancestors; the outward manifestations of such sentiments had, of course, changed their character; and in the castle itself, the ease and luxury of modern refinement might be perceived mingling somewhat strangely with the harsh outlines and gloomy splendour of its ancient architecture. Round the huge dark towers, shrubberies, flower-beds, velvet lawns, and well-rolled gravel walks, might be seen; the massive stone casements, formed rather to exclude, than to admit, the light and air, had been succeeded in many places by sash windows of plate glass; and on every side the contrivances intended to promote security and defence were giving way before those of elegance and comfort.

The vast gloomy hall, it is true, retained its

ancient character of stern magnificence. The light, penetrating the narrow Gothic windows, fell upon the waving banners, the once bright and gorgeous armour, the shields, the lances of other days and other manners; and gleamed upon the portraits of those fierce and powerful Barons, at once the terror and the protection of the domain over which they ruled; while gentle ladies in prim cap, starched ruff, and jewelled stomacher; with the remarkably small hand and regular oval countenance observable in the portraits of our old English dames, still gazed demurely on the rugged warriors frowning grimly around.

The apartments in general offered a striking picture of the contrast between recent and ancient tastes and manners. Many of them had been fitted up as living-rooms, furnished and adorned with all the elaborate luxury of our times; though, it is true, adapted by the skill of the presiding artist as far as possible to the genius of the place, so that no glaring incongruity

might shock the eye. The massive carved and gilded furniture, the rich satins, damasks, and velvets, were in harmony with the ideas of antique grandeur inspired by the vastness of the building; but the splendid mirrors, the extraordinary vividness of the colouring displayed upon the walls and hangings, the splendid collection of pictures in gorgeous frames, the thousand forms of elegance and beauty presented on every side, reminded the spectator that all was the work of recent art. One whole side of the castle remained, however, unvisited by modern improvement, and the long suite of its echoing apartments still retained their character of ancient, faded, gloomy splendour. The small pointed windows of stained glass scarcely afforded at mid-day more than a twilight view of the ponderous, tall-backed ebony chairs; the wide yawning chimneys, with their ample hearths, and towering mantlepieces; the dark tapestry which waved and moved when the opening door admitted the air. Beds were

there with testers reaching to the ceiling, from whose heavily adorned canopies the long gloomy curtains hung in massive folds—antique cabinets—strange, mysterious-looking chests—misshapen figures,—grotesque and enormous jars—all the treasures of rude uncivilized ages here assembled, were arranged in the stiff, undeviating order that had been preserved for centuries—forcibly recalling those days when life appears to have been a system of grave representation, rather than of social enjoyment; where neither companionship, nor gaiety, nor the happy domestic negligence of our times could find a place.

The towers had been long abandoned to the owls and bats; but those who chose to climb to the summit were rewarded by one of the richest and most varied landscapes to be found, among the multitude which adorn this land; still, for the gaiety and luxuriance of its scenery, deserving the name of merry England. The vast domain of Brandon, acquired with all its forests, streams, chases, and rights manorial

and territorial at the Conquest, by the good sword of John the Long, first Earl, stretched far on every side; intersected by a magnificent sheet of water, presenting every variety of sweeping lawn and undulating vale and hill, interspersed with immense oaks and elms, and crowned by the waving woods which rose in splendid profusion: through the whole extent of the park the long dark avenue might be seen extending many a mile, while glimpses of the blue and hazy distant mountains added softness to this charming picture.

The Marquis of Brandon was twice married. When I first became an inhabitant of Carstones, the mistress of this almost royal abode was a very fair and somewhat short woman; with eyes of that greyish, whiteish blue which resolutely defies expression; her hair was of a hue equally uncharactered, it did not quite merit the term sandy, nor was it red, nor was it flaxen, it was a mixture of all three, or rather a shade au juste milieu between them all—her features,

however, were small and delicate, and bore an air of so much quiet and unpretending gentleness, without the slightest approach to imbecility, that it was impossible to look upon her face without being pleased and attracted: it was so with the graces of her person; she was low, insignificant, ill-grown, and indeed, rather lame; but there was a simplicity and truth in her gestures, a tranquil composure about her movements, an absence of every thing affected or unnatural, without the slightest touch of vulgarity, so perfectly in keeping with the grave sweetness of her voice and countenance, that no one could regard her without a feeling of respect and love.

The Marquis was, on the contrary, in spite of his noble blood, rather singularly *unaristocratic* in his appearance and manners—he was handsome, but he looked rather clownish—gay, but a little vulgar—he could not be called foolish, but he was certainly rather heavy—nor rude, though he was unpolished and abrupt. He was

gauche, in fact, both in body and mind, exactly that thing which a nobleman ought not to be; yet is it a defect from which the cares of a Sevigné herself, cannot always protect the heirs of great names and great fortunes. He was, however, excessively good-natured; but this quality, in general of equivocal value, was rendered in his circumstances positively dangerous, by the extreme indolence and facility of his temper—an indolence and a facility so great, that, insensible to the claims of his high station, he suffered the authority and power with which he was invested to devolve on any one who chose to take the trouble of seizing them—happy if with the habit of acting for himself he could also have surrendered his responsibility—but that was impossible: he contrived, however, to shut his eyes to its importance, if not to its existence—and considered his high rank as a privilege which entailed on others the necessity of labouring for him, while it exempted him from the obligation of exerting

himself for others. In this alone, indeed, could the sense of pride and privilege in this good-natured man be discovered. It never seemed to enter his thoughts that a thing so lofty and so rare as a Marquis of Brandon could have been created for the slightest purpose of utility. His goodness was therefore merely passive—he inflicted little pain; for he was neither harsh, nor unkind, nor exacting; but he occasioned little happiness, for he had neither attention nor activity; he never intentionally wounded a single being, but he rarely would exert himself for any one's advantage. No one was injured at his hands—no one by his hand was protected from injury.

The Marquis had, like other young men of his day, made the grand tour in company with his tutor, and run the circle of London follies to a certain degree; but as, like some other of the very great families, his mingled less with the world in general than might have been expected from its rank and importance

—he, like many other young heirs, had been kept, in what has been called a state of dry-nursing, from his cradle to his majority. Educated by a private tutor, a grave and rather dull young man, with him he had travelled, seeing as little, learning as little, and experiencing as little, as could be contrived in the course of visiting all the courts of Europe. On his return to London, the eye of his careful lady-mother had been upon him; and having continued to reside in his father's mansion long after he was of age, the watchfulness of this busy and rather clever woman kept him a good deal in awe, and a good deal in order; therefore, when it was proposed to him to marry Miss Kirkham, the only child of the rich banker, with a fortune of £500,000., he made no objection; for he liked his ease, and he began to wish for independence. His father, in spite of his vast estates, he knew to be excessively poor—poor with the poverty of a very great man—before the wretchedness of which,

the poverty of a common beggar sinks into insignificance. His is the indigence of nature—the want of a few things which the accidents of the next hour may relieve—anxieties, however pressing, which reach not beyond the present moment—but the poverty of the great is a system of hopeless, irretrievable embarrassment—often the work of successive generations—inextricably interwoven with the web of their existence—a yoke—a burden, shackles, which every successive proprietor puts on at his accession, to lay down only in his grave. A fortunate marriage, the acquisition by this means of one of those vast fortunes, which the unfettered nature of mercantile wealth, allows to descend to female heirs, alone affords the power to break this iron bondage, and shake off the accumulated load of centuries. An opportunity of this kind now offered itself to the family of Brandon. The great banker, Kirkham, had one only daughter, the idol of his affections—£500,000. he said he should lay

down—actually lay down on her wedding-day. He was himself a very old man;—this daughter was the child of his old age—the child, too, of a beloved Rachel, now no more—and it might be expected, therefore, that the remainder of his vast property would speedily devolve upon the fortunate man who might obtain the young lady's hand. Mr. Kirkham doted upon his daughter, who returned his affection with more than a daughter's duty. To see her happy, I should not say was the darling, it was the sole, object of his heart; and, with the error common to parents, he sought for her happiness in greatness, wealth, and power. Not that he was blindly or selfishly ambitious: had his daughter confessed a worthy preference, he would have indulged it, and sacrificed without a sigh all his airy castles: on the other hand, had the most dignified in the land addressed her, wanting the recommendation of good morals, and a good reputation, his proposals would have been, without a

moment's hesitation, rejected. But Jane, this beloved daughter, confessed no preference: she had been brought up by a maiden aunt, with the most exaggerated care and tenderness, suffered to associate little with those of her own age and condition; and, under the plea of ill health, denied not only the amusements common to her years, but the opportunity of acquiring the elegant accomplishments now so universal among her sex.

Accustomed to pass her time almost entirely with her aunt and father, separated from the society of her equals in birth, by the vast distance to which fortune had lifted her above her natural connexions, her pleasures were peaceful and few. With a beautiful flower garden, which she cultivated with equal taste and assiduity—a little carriage, in which she and her good aunt took their daily drive, visiting and blessing every cottager in the neighbourhood: — her school, in which the children were dressed by her purse, and often

instructed by her care;—her beautiful almshouse for decayed gentlewomen, with its trim gardens, fair stone fronts, cheerful lattice windows, and venerable and happy inmates;—life fleeted on in calm occupation, and unruffled tranquillity. As for love, the passion, far from having reached her heart, had scarcely even occupied her thoughts; and on marriage she had reflected as little, when the proposal of the Marquis of Brandon was laid in due form before her. She perceived that her father was proud and happy — prouder — happier than she had ever beheld him in her life. She heard that the Earl of St. Germains was excellent and amiable. She saw him—he appeared to her young eyes good-tempered, lively, and pleasing both in countenance and manner. To be the wife of one of the first nobles of England,—to belong to an ancient historic family—to share in its grave dignities, high duties, and glorious recollections,—Jane was not insensible to all this;—though so

composed, she wanted not imagination, and had under her gentle manner much concealed enthusiasm. She married the Earl of St. Germains—he was a very kind husband, and she was in her own way happy.

This happiness consisted in an almost unbroken residence at Brandon Castle; to which place, after a very short time passed in London, when she was presented, she retired; for her husband had come into possession shortly before the marriage was concluded. A sense of her own unfitness to adorn a town mansion, or do credit to her husband's choice, amid the glare and magnificence of fashionable life; a discovery which her very first entrance upon that stage enabled her to make,—determined her, with a quiet good sense peculiarly her own, to retire to a sphere where she might find both dignity and useful occupation. Having therefore once appeared at court, she laid aside those diamonds which might have been the envy of queens, and sending them to

her banker's, secretly resolved never to wear them more; and having persuaded the good-natured Marquis to indulge her wish of immediately visiting Brandon Castle, there she came and there she remained, the beneficent genius of the country.

I think I see her now, in that low garden chair, drawn by the well-known pair of demure little grey ponies—with the innocent-faced boy, who served her as a postilion, and followed by her own groom in a grey frock, visiting our little town, and stopping at my surgery door. I hear her calm but pleasing voice enquire for me; I come out and receive the gentle apologies for the trouble she is giving. There I stand, not unwilling, till minutes amount to half hours, consulting on the health and welfare of all the unfortunate around. Her good sense—the precision of her ideas—the moderation of her aims—the justness of her conceptions—the perfect purity of her intentions—the matchless goodness and kindness of her

heart, still fill me with the deepest and most affectionate veneration, whenever I recal those days spent so peaceably, a blessing to herself and to all around her.

> Silent and good she steals along
> Far from the world's gay busy throng,
> With gentle yet prevailing force,
> Intent upon her destined course;
> Graceful and useful all she does,
> Blessing and bless'd where'er she goes.

Beside her sits her little boy,—he is not yet four years old. Alas! why should this excellent creature have been visited by so severe an affliction—the child is already deformed—And his poor little head seems pressed forwards by the unnatural curvature between the shoulders —his legs are thin, and shew none of the beautiful roundness of infancy—his fingers too are long and slender—in shape resembling those of a grown person,—his complexion is sickly and pale—but his face is beautiful, though of a strange and ominous beauty—his features

are only too delicate, — his eyes are large, dark and melting, but with pupils remarkably dilated,—his hair is abundant and of a beautiful colour.—There he sits by her side, supported already by those irons which vainly strive to supply the deficiencies of nature;—there sits the future Marquis of Brandon, the heir of this immense domain, and of the vast revenue of his mother.—It may be proper to remark here, that Mr. Kirkham had been very liberal with respect to settlements, having secured his prodigious fortune to his daughter and her children, and in failure of them, bestowed it on the noble house to which he had allied himself—the life interest was also given to the Marquis in case of his surviving his wife.

The little Earl of St. Germains sits upon the lap of a person who must not be overlooked,—Mrs. Cartwright. She was the widow of an officer, who had fallen in battle the first year of a marriage, formed under the happiest

auspices, though unblessed with the smiles of fortune, and she had been left unprotected, and unprovided for. Her circumstances had become known to Miss Kirkham; into whose family she had been received in the character of companion.—That character the most grievous of all the forms of dependence; a place of which the duties are so ill defined as to afford a constant source of tyranny and ill-humour, while the salary is calculated rather to compensate for the specified, than for the exacted, sacrifices. But Mrs. Cartwright had been more fortunate than is usually the case. In the well-regulated temper and perfect truth and justice of Miss Kirkham, she had found a security against half the ills of her condition; while the affectionate confidence and esteem which she speedily excited, became a source if not of happiness, at least of consolation. Miss Kirkham was soon tenderly attached to the gentle and sensible woman whose character, in many points resembling her own, had acquired a

kind of sacred elevation, by the sorrow she had known, and the fortitude and resignation she had displayed. Mrs. Cartwright had been once extremely beautiful, she was now so very pale and thin, that she had lost many of her charms; but there was something more interesting than beauty in that smooth fair brow, over which her dark hair was plainly braided, and in the delicate though faded countenance beneath; while the neatness and extreme simplicity of her attire added a peculiar character to her appearance. It was easy to see that Mrs. Cartwright was not of this world, indeed her air was that of one set apart for holy things; a sort of lay nun; a devotee in the best sense of the word: one who, in the exercise of every duty, consoled by the deep mysterious influences of her religion, awaited in patience her dismissal from a scene which had no longer charms for her.

Since the Marchioness had resided at Brandon, Mrs. Cartwright had remained constantly

with her, sharing in her active labours of love for all; but more peculiarly in the incessant care and tenderness demanded by the sickly little boy, the only child that had blessed the Marchioness of Brandon.

The day I have now in my mind was a sad one to me. After she had detailed all her little plans, for half-a-dozen of her poor people, in which I was to bear my part, the Marchioness spoke of one rarely the theme of her conversation; she spoke of herself.

"Mr. Wilson, I have not felt quite well lately, I think I had better have a little talk with you.—Not in the street," added she, smiling quietly. "Will you be kind enough, when you have finished all your business to-day, to come up to the castle and drink tea with me? —You will find us at tea at nine, you know; but if this is in the least inconvenient to you, pray come to-morrow—my business can wait very well."

"I will certainly wait upon you, madam, at nine; and hope to bring a good report of our patients."

"Good morning, then, Mr. Wilson."

And the little pony chair, and the sober groom, were soon out of sight.

I went at the time appointed, and had a long interview with the Marchioness. What was my grief! my anguish!—though a quiet man, I will add, my despair! to find that the painful feelings of which she so slightly complained, were the symptoms of a dreadful internal complaint, already advanced too far to admit of the slightest hope of a cure. She saw the dismay written in my countenance, which I found it impossible to conceal, her colour heightened a little, a very little:—

"Mr. Wilson," said she, her voice just shaken, "I perceive there is more the matter here than I had imagined."

"Indeed, madam, I am sorry to confess that there is; but care and skill I trust—"

I was running on with the usual vain flattery of my calling; she stopped me.

" Mr. Wilson, I perceive your kind wish to encourage me, but I flatter myself that you know me so well, that when I ask for the simple truth, as far as your skill enables you to discover it, you will not attempt to disguise it from me. I do ask for the truth, and you may venture to tell it me. Is my complaint dangerous?"

" I will disguise nothing, madam; it is dangerous."

" Very dangerous?"

" Very dangerous."

" Does it hold out any chance of recovery?"

" I do not choose on my single responsibility to say that it does not."

" But you think it does not?"

I paused and then said, " I confess I am ignorant of the means of arresting it,—but my practice, as your ladyship knows, is not extensive, and my opportunities of improvement

have been few. I trust that by consulting the first London physicians, some palliative, if not a decided remedy, may be found,—and your life be prolonged many years to be a blessing to us all."

My voice trembled as I concluded.

"My dear Mr. Wilson, I will not attempt to tell you how very much I feel obliged by this kind feeling, and the regard you have ever shewn me; and I am not flattering you when I say, that I would rather trust my life in your hands than in those of any medical man of my acquaintance: still my life is of great importance to some, and if you believe that my chance of recovery will be in the least increased by seeing a London physician; pray let one be sent for without delay."

"I am decidedly of opinion that a physician ought to be called in."

"Then may I trouble you to write to Dr. —— for me."

I returned home, as the French expressively

say, *le cœur navré de douleur;* for I had not myself the slightest hope that the malignant and insidious disorder, of which the symptoms were too evident, could be subdued. How I lamented that indifference to her own concerns which had made her so long delay to complain of what she looked upon as a trifling ailment—how I grieved for herself, for her unhappy child—for her husband—for all of us!—For the poor child, perhaps less than for the rest. I had long considered it as a lost case, never expected that he would be reared at all; and indeed, with a hasty impatience too common to our short sighted race, had decided within myself, than an early death would be the best thing that could happen to him.

The London physician, a man of the first eminence in his profession, arrived; his opinion justified mine, his resources were, alas! no greater. The complaint was one which had hitherto baffled human skill; it was beyond the reach of remedies whether medical or surgical.

"Mr. Wilson," said the Marchioness, "I am sorry to give you pain; and I know I do so by putting questions under my present unfortunate circumstances: you must, if you please, tell me frankly, whether Dr. ——'s opinion coincides with yours."

"It does."

"And he can do no more for me than you can?"

"I greatly fear not."

"Now can either he or you tell me how long this disease is likely to last?—I will spare you the pain of telling me how it ends."

I hesitated.

"What is the longest time that a person in my condition has been known to live?—What is the shortest period that has been known to terminate life in this disease? Pray tell me, [with earnestness,] consider how much I have to do, if possible, and deceive me not!"

"Two months!"

"Ah! that is short—I must not lose a mo-

ment. Mr. Wilson will you have the kindness to consult with Dr. ——, and adopt that plan of treatment which will preserve to me the fullest possible exercise of my powers while life is granted."

The time of the Marchioness of Brandon had never been misapplied,

> " Her virtues walk'd their simple round,
> And made no pause, and left no void."

But now the moments seemed doubled, and, by her admirable method, she contrived, in an incredibly short space of time, to arrange the various business for the benefit of all around, in which she had been so unceasingly and so usefully engaged: and in such a manner that her plans might be carried on and brought to perfection by others, when her own influence should be withdrawn.

This done, one anxiety, vast, incalculable, pressed heavily upon her heart—her little boy. I had always believed he would not live—in this her judgment differed from mine—it was

her strong impression that he would. Her love had partaken of the calm energy of her nature, it was serious, deep, devoted,—reflective rather than imaginative.—Well had she weighed every detail of his unfortunate situation—well had she considered the future consequences that must arise from the strange disproportion which in his case existed between the gifts of nature and of fortune, and the still more important discrepancy which was observable in the gifts of nature herself—for, niggard to the helpless and deformed frame, the mighty mother appeared to have been lavish of her compensations to the mind. The child already gave evidence of a strength of character, and a power of observation, far beyond his age; he appeared too, to have inherited the composure of his mother's temperament, and the calm seriousness of her affection: his love for her shewing itself rather in his constant preference of her society to every other pleasure, and the tena-

city with which he silently kept close to her, his large speaking eyes fixed upon her face, than by bursts of tenderness, or abundance of caresses.

To watch over the development of such a mind, lodged in such a frame, had been the object which the Marchioness had proposed to herself as the future employment of her life. She had hoped by a sedulous education in some measure to avert the sufferings which threatened a being constituted like her unhappy son; and that by strengthening the higher qualities of his mind, its talents and its virtues, she might oppose a shield to the innumerable evils of his condition. She wished to develope his intellect and refine his taste to the highest degree, trusting that the pleasures thus afforded might suffice to give interest to existence; while she fondly hoped, that her own devoted tenderness might afford some consolation to disappointed youth, for the loss of that more impassioned affection which forms the natural happiness of

our early years, and which, she felt persuaded, no qualities he might possess could ever obtain for him.

Such had been the reflections, such the well considered plans, of this affectionate mother;—but now she was to be called away, and in place of her own sedulous cares to substitute those of others, far less deeply interested in their success: warding off, as best she might, by deputy, that host of evils which hang over the head of the motherless child, even in the happiest circumstances,—and which were rendered infinitely more distressing in this instance by the helpless infirmities of the unhappy boy.

That the Marquis would marry again she felt assured. Her discernment had taught her to believe that his second choice would not resemble his first; she foresaw many possible distresses and hardships for the child of her affections, but most of all, she lamented that her plans for his education might fall to the ground. She hastened to obviate as far as possible these misfor-

tunes while yet she existed; and she wrote to the Marquis, then in London, informing him of her situation, and begging him immediately to come to her.

He arrived very much grieved and afflicted at her situation; for his affection, though not passionate, was great, and his esteem immeasurable. The influence she possessed was now all directed into one channel.

"My dear Lord, I have one or two requests to make, and I am quite sure before I make them, that they are granted—our poor little boy—"

"Alas! my dear, you need have little anxiety on his account," said the Marquis, while the tears stood in his eyes; "I shall soon be quite alone—a childless widower, and only have felt happiness to estimate its loss."

"It is my opinion that my child will live,—I would fain hope, to be a source of happiness to you and to himself,—but he will require more than ordinary care. Mrs. Cartwright,—

you know how greatly I esteem her—is it asking too much to request that she may have the care of my son?"

"For what length of time?"

"I do not mean a tutor's, or a nurse's care, may she stand in the relation, as nearly as possible, of *mother* to him?"

Lord Brandon started!

"Do not misapprehend me, I cannot," with a grave smile, "wish her to stand in any nearer relation to *you*, my dear Lord, than she now does—you cannot for a moment imagine it—All I request is that, as long as it can be made comfortable to all parties, she may remain with my son, to supply my place—he will require all a mother's tenderness, poor unfortunate creature, to make existence tolerable—he will find it in her."

"My dear Lady Brandon, much less would be sufficient from you—I hope you well know the perfect esteem I feel for you—that any recommendation of yours is sacred in my eyes;

I shall be but too happy to see Mrs. Cartwright attached to my son, and a member of my family, as long as she shall please to remain there."

"You allow me, then, to arrange my plans with her?"

"Indeed, I shall be relieved from great anxiety by your doing so; but alas! I fear it will be in vain."

"No, my Lord, I trust it will not be in vain.—I have another request to make.—My dear father, on the birth-day of my little boy, gave me £10,000: he intended it to be laid out in something by which I should ever remember him—there was no need of that—he was not likely to be forgotten by me.—I asked him a short time before he died what I should do with it; for, indeed, my dear Lord, your great liberality left me nothing to wish or to want:—what I pleased, he said.—Will you allow me the same license?"

"How can you, my dearest Lady Brandon,

ask such a question?—But it is like yourself," said her husband, greatly touched.

He had, indeed, gratefully appreciated the delicacy, with which, after bringing him such an immense fortune, she had behaved with respect to all money matters, and had returned it as far as lay in his power, by the most unbounded confidence.

"Only tell me what you wish—it shall be done. Is there any one you desire to provide for—anything?"

"I wish also to bestow as I please all my jewels, except the diamonds my father gave me at my presentation; those I would ask you to add to the jewels of your family, that I may leave something in your house for my father to be remembered by."

"Do in every thing as you please—only tell me, can I in any thing else obey you?"

I will not enlarge upon the tender scenes which followed. The Marquis felt—sensibly—the value of what he was about to lose. The

Marchioness was grateful for his affection, and returned it with sincerity.

About a week after this she sent for me into her room, and said:—

"My dear Mr. Wilson, I have perfect confidence in your honour—your integrity—your good sense.—Will you undertake a matter I have very much at heart? I have lived long enough with the great to be pretty well aware of the system of such families—so much splendour—so little comfort—such vast sums expended—so much real want of money. My little boy's situation, if he live, must be very peculiar, and he will require a thousand things which in ordinary cases would be justly thought unnecessary.—His father will marry again!"

I made a gesture of disapprobation.

"He will do right.—But a step-mother! Ah! Mr. Wilson, I trust it is a prejudice—in short, will you take charge of a sum of money for me,—to give to Mrs. Cartwright, or to my son—when—how—and in such portions as may

be necessary? I shall take no acknowledgment of this sum—I wish it to be as completely in your power as if it were your own property—and you will make use of it as you judge best for my poor boy's benefit."

"But, madam, should I die?"

"There is no providing against all contingencies—dispose of it in that case by will, as you may think proper—but if you live, as I trust in God you will, many years, keep it—you will find a use for it."

The sum was the £10,000. All her jewels she gave me, desiring they might be sold, and the money settled upon Mrs. Cartwright—she left written directions with me to that effect. And having thus set her house in order, this excellent woman and sincere christian died with the utmost composure; and was buried, by her own desire, in the most private manner that was consistent with decorum.

The sorrow of the little boy, when he comprehended, which, in spite of all our care, he

speedily did, the great misfortune which had befallen him, was, like his nature, rather deep, than full of demonstration:—he said little, but his cheek grew even paler than usual, and his weakness and emaciation increased to such a degree that it was the universal opinion he would speedily follow his mother. Though quiet in the day-time, it was found that his pillow was wet with his infant tears, and sleep and appetite forsook him. Yet he continued to exist, almost, it would seem, without the means of existence: there was a tenacity of life about him; and he dragged on, from day to day, though we concluded that every day would be his last.

I had a sister; her name was Judy; she was some years older than I was, and while I had been walking hospitals—struggling with difficulties—and seeing the world; Judy had remained stationary in the small town of Carstones, with the same prospect invariably before her eyes, till she almost believed that the uni-

verse contained no other. The people of Carstones had the habit, common to the inhabitants of small towns, of identifying their own self-love with the importance of the little place they lived in, and the dignity of the great family to which they were appended. Every thing that was done by the inhabitants of the castle—every revolution in the housekeeper's or steward's room—every mutation in the under-gardeners'—every new dress, from that of the Marchioness herself, when she appeared at church, to that of the maid-servants coming down to gossip in the town;—their employments—their health—their visitors—their loves—and their luck, formed the incessant subject of conversation at our little card-tables. How the Marchioness looked, when my Lord was coming down, how the little Earl had slept, &c., &c., &c.

Louis XIV., in the midst of his splendour, and with all the assistance of his exquisite kingcraft, was not more a subject of excessive

and indiscriminating interest to his courtiers at Versailles, than were the family of Brandon to the little people of Carstones. It is a great error to suppose that man naturally loves independance—this is only the taste of a few rarer spirits: to look upwards, to fawn, to flatter, and to lick the dust beneath the feet of riches and of power, is not only the destiny, but the taste, of the majority.

Whatever the Marquis or Marchioness chose to do, was certain to be right at Carstones—whatever Mr. Banks the steward, and Mrs. Newcome, the housekeeper, chose to do, was in general right and proper also—they were all people of eminence and influence in their way. Not so Mrs. Cartwright: whatever she did was sure to be done wrong; she could neither look, nor speak, nor walk, nor dress as she ought to do—Mrs. Cartwright was below adoration, and within the reach of envy. What was she? a poor officer's widow. And why should she have been preferred to high places? to dine at the

same table, sit by the same fire, and ride in the same pony chaise with the Marchioness of Brandon? Not one of the numerous disengaged young ladies of five-and-thirty, at Carstones, but thought herself much better fitted to have filled the place of agreeable companion to my lady, than that cold, bloodless, inanimate statue, Mrs. Cartwright. The possibility that Mrs. Cartwright might be endowed with certain hidden qualities which gave her a value, which they did not themselves possess, never once entered their imaginations; for of the existence of tastes or of endowments above their own, except as far as dress and fashion and riches went, they were totally ignorant. Had they lived when magic and sorcery were believed in, Mrs. Cartwright might have stood a fair chance of being burned for a witch; as it was, she was accused of cunning, wheedling, and toadeating, the sole methods of obtaining influence, with which the ladies of Carstones were acquainted.

"Really, brother, it seems very strange; so we are not to get rid of Mrs. Cartwright after all! I hear she is to stay and take care of my little Lord, poor dear little creature," said my sister Judy, taking off her bonnet and her best shawl as she came in from church. "There she was, in the family pew, which is all hung with black cloth—twenty shillings a yard, I've no doubt—very handsome—and the pew for the steward's room—and the servants' pews all the same, and all the servants in black, and not a dry eye among them, and my Lord weeping as if his heart would break, poor dear, good man; and Mrs. Cartwright in deep black, as well she may, I understand—but not a tear in her eye, I warrant, looking as quiet! and as composed! set as up! as if nothing had happened. —I can't bear the sight of her—so demure—and so sly—wheedling and flattering the dear Marchioness—and now!—but it will not do, I can tell her—my Lord never once looked at her all church time—to be sure he *did* hand her

into his carriage—but she'll never be Marchioness of Brandon, take my word for it."

"And mine too, Judy."

"Ah, brother! you men are so easily taken in with a little affectation—but I know her—mark my words; you'll find Mrs. Cartwright a very different person from what you and the poor dear Marchioness suppose."

I said nothing—I even, for Judy was shrewd at times, resolved to watch Mrs. Cartwright narrowly. My situation, for I had been charged by the Marchioness with the medical treatment of her son, gave me good opportunities, and I resolved to use them.

I visited the little boy once, often twice a-day, but I had no fault save one to find with Mrs. Cartwright, she sadly wanted spirits; she was so grave, so still, that she was really a very unfit companion for a child. Every thing that tenderness and care however could do, she did—her attention to his health was unremitting, — and I observed, that though

cautious in avoiding dangerous excitement, against which I had warned her, she was beginning to develope his infant mind. She led, or rather carried him, into the beautiful gardens of the castle, filled his little hands with the finest flowers, and taught him to distinguish their names and forms—He had his aviary of rare birds which he, with her, fed and tended —his apartments were gradually filling with natural curiosities; so chosen as by their abrupt contrast, and well marked colours and outlines, to excite the discriminating powers of children. I could not suspect Mrs. Cartwright of having studied Aristotle, or I should have supposed, that from him she had learned to withhold every form that was mean or vulgar from the eye of the child. The prints with which his chambers were filled were all from drawings by great artists—the figures which adorned his shelves and mantle-pieces were casts of the most beautiful busts and statues—the servants who attended him were all remarkable for something

above their condition, in air and tone of voice. No circumstance, however minute, was disregarded by Mrs. Cartwright that could serve to increase the physical strength, develope the mental powers, or form the taste and manners of her charge. The Marquis was liberal in allowing her the means of carrying her plans into execution. Still I sighed over all these exertions, convinced that the delicate, suffering child could never live to profit by them.

Judy had not long to groan with apprehension lest the Marquis should fall a victim to Mrs. Cartwright's artful ways—for to a desire to please the father she would persist in ascribing all the kindness that was shewn to the son. Report soon informed us that we might expect another Marchioness of Brandon.

The Marquis, with his large hereditary estates, ancient blood, and immense income, was now, it may be supposed, a very considerable prize in that great emporium for matri-

mony, the higher ranks of fashion. He, who, before his first marriage had been quite at a discount, had now, endowed as he was by the vast fortune of his wife, advanced to a high premium: endowed, I say, for the poor little deformed boy was of course regarded as a mere cypher in the account. That he could live, was universally decided upon as impossible, and the Marquis was considered entirely as an unencumbered man, possessed of one of the finest fortunes in England. I am ashamed to say it —but I believe it to be true, that even before the first Marchioness had closed her eyes, steps were being taken, on the part of many, to obtain the enviable distinction of filling her place; and no sooner did the Marquis re-appear in the world, than he found himself so marked an object of attention and flattery, that a stronger head than his might have been turned by it. There were many competitors; the lady who carried off the prize was the daughter of the Duke of L——, the Lady Isa-

bella Charlemont. We heard that she was the most beautiful woman in London, and belonging to a family of the very first distinction, and we all were prepared to admire her accordingly; more especially, as our Marquis had done us credit by marrying as he ought to have done, and had not allied himself to that odious Mrs. Cartwright.

The marriage took place at the end of April, just eighteen months after the death of the first Marchioness.—In July we heard that they were coming down—in September they came. The London road lay through Carstones, and I recollect well that fine evening when they arrived—carriages and four—carriages and four dashing through the street, and up to the great gates of the castle. The new Marchioness, in her hat and plume of white feathers, with the Marquis by her side—and splendid equipages full of gentlemen and ladies following, with a numerous retinue of servants and attendants. Then the old walls rang with sounds to

which they had for many years been strangers. Festivity in all its forms — riding, shooting, archery, in the morning—feasting, dancing, music, and a little drinking at night. The old grey-headed servants were dazzled and bewildered; the people of Carstones, accustomed to more sober doings, knew not whether to be scandalized at, or pleased with, this new order of things. Our streets were perpetually enlivened with one gay party or other passing through: rattling carriages—prancing horses — splendid liveries — were constantly to be seen. The green shades of the park were gay with groupes of elegant men and women, sketching or chatting, or reposing under the trees; the canoes and boats were in constant requisition on the water; the woods and fields resounded with the firing of the shooting parties. I can but give a faint idea of the sort of *tourbillon*, which succeeded to the peaceful quiet, to which we have been so long accustomed.

The Sunday after her arrival, our new Marchioness appeared at church. The black cloth, at twenty shillings a-yard, had vanished, and the pew was lined with crimson velvet. The Marchioness, dressed in the first style of fashion, with her bonnet and high plume of feathers, stood by the side of her Lord, who appeared enchanted with every look and gesture. She was indeed a striking contrast to her predecessor;—her abundant dark hair hung in rich luxuriance over her piercing and haughty black eyes, which glanced restlessly around; her complexion was of the finest white and vermilion, her nose was straight and well-shaped; her lips, like the scarlet pomegranate of Solomon, disclosed her even pearl-like teeth; her figure was lofty and majestic, and the whole was set off by an air of magnificence, which formed one of the finest spectacles of the kind that I had ever seen.

The service over, the Marquis, leading her by the hand with an air of proud exultation, into the church porch; which was a sort of rendezvous for the better part of the congregation to exchange civilities, chat a little scandal, and so on, presented her, while her splendid equipage, with its four pawing horses, and elegant out-riders, waited, to such of those assembled as were worthy of the honour. Their homage—for the bows and courtesies were so low bent, that they merited that appellation—was graciously received: the beauty smiled, moved, and spoke with the most amiable condescension—stooping to address even the most humble with honied words of bland courtesy. I thought them sadly too bland, and the courtesy sadly too much marked,—but I was quite in the wrong, every one was enchanted; and one quarter of an hour of idle civility, enforced by a splendid dress and radiant smiles, had done as much to win golden opinions, as whole years of benevolent

exertion passed by the late Marchioness. It was well. Honied words, smiles, and haughtily courteous gestures, were all that the people of Carstones were the better for the residence of this lady at that time; but she staid only a month, and then the whirlwind passed away to some other place, and we were left to our card parties again, and to our speculations on the health of the little Lord.

The new wife had shewn so much tenderness on being presented to the child, that it had melted the hearts of all present, most especially that of her husband. She kneeled down by the side of the chair, on which the little creature uneasily reclined, kissed his pale cheek, while a few pearly drops fell upon it.

"Poor, dear, interesting little fellow, you must love me very much—I am your mamma, you know."

"No," said the boy, and the tears stood in his large, melting eyes, "not mamma—don't say so—she was very little, and very pale, and

very soft.—Not a grand, grand, great beauty, lady, like you."

"Thank you, sweet boy—what a love!—what a charming countenance! My dear Mrs. Cartwright—for you must be the Mrs. Cartwright of whom I have heard so much, how happy I am to make your acquaintance—to thank you for the tender care you are taking of this dear little unfortunate—a care I hope to divide with you, while it lasts, poor little thing."

"I think he looks better, my dear Mrs. Cartwright," said my Lord.

"I would fain hope so, my Lord, but I own I see little amendment — I think he suffers less pain than he did, but that is all."

"Alas! Mrs. Cartwright, I am grieved to hear you say so; but we will hope time may do much."

The child, while this conversation was passing, had been engaged in shewing one

of his books to a young lady of the party, so that happily it was unheard by him.

The tender care announced by the Marchioness, amounted to a visit now and then to the boy's apartments, where she always staid a very short time; would shrug her shoulders at the elaborate preparations for a finished education making by Mrs. Cartwright, which shrug meant to say,—"What nonsense, for such a poor creature!" She, however, treated Mrs. Cartwright with much civility—who, indeed, did not wear her Ladyship's good feelings out by too often calling them into exercise; devoting herself to the child during the whole time the Marchioness and her party remained. I used to see his little garden chair, drawn by the old grey-headed footman, and attended by Mrs. Cartwright, creeping silently among the shrubberies, while the laugh and the song resounded from the windows of the castle.

The next summer brought grand doings.—The Marchioness had been confined in Lon-

don, and had given birth to a son. Four months afterwards, she came down to Brandon, and signified her intention, in honour of his christening, to give a grand entertainment to all the neighbourhood, great and small.

It struck me as rather unnecessary, to celebrate with such marked festivity the birth of a child with expectations so slender; for his mother's fortune had been extremely small, and from his father he could of course expect little—but I held my peace.—Mrs. Cartwright too, looked surprised when she first heard of it. As to the people of Carstones, who were all invited, they thought it the most natural thing in the world—and so did the tenantry, I suppose; for there was every demonstration of gladness and satisfaction—There was a grand dinner for the labourers, plenty of ale, a dance on the green, tables in the different halls for the higher order of dependants, and a ball and supper for the gentry. The beautiful infant, for I must own that in my life I never saw one

more beautiful, was exhibited with a pomp of attendance almost regal; and the Marquis was congratulated on all sides upon his promising son—*heir* was not said—but every one, it was plain, looked upon the boy as the future heir of these immense fortunes; and the mother evidently revelled in that exulting pride which a vain woman would feel on presenting a son of hers as such to the world.

I saw her in all the pomp of her beauty—her dark hair, and white satin robe sparkling with jewels, as she stood at the head of that gorgeous drawing-room, surrounded by a splendid group of noble and great personages, placing the infant, all lace and embroidery, wrapped in a rich mantle, on the arm of the obsequious nurse; after the conclusion of those sacred and affecting rites, which ought to quell the thoughts of sin, passion, and pride, within a parent's breast; but which here, administered from a golden urn, at the hands of a right reverend bishop,

with all the pomp and circumstance of an aristocratic establishment, served but to foster in their birth those venomous foes of human virtue.

The real heir, meanwhile, too unwell to leave his chamber, too much ill-treated by nature to afford pride to any one, was sitting moaning, and panting for breath, with his hand in that of Mrs. Cartwright.

"Oh, Mrs. Cartwright, I am sorry I cannot see this pretty christening—but do make them bring me my little brother. I want to look at him, and they never let me see him!"

"No, my dear—don't to-day," said Mrs. Cartwright: she felt for the boy, what he was too young to feel for himself.

"Why not? he is so pretty."

He would have his own way, and the little Lord Louis, bedizened, as I have said, with lace and satin, was carried in.

"Let me kiss him, nurse,—you won't let me kiss him."

"Let him, nurse! why don't you?" said Mrs. Cartwright, somewhat impatiently, "don't you see, that Lord St. Germains wants to kiss the child?"

"Oh, by no means on earth, madam.—Indeed, my lady does not like me to bring my Lord Louis into these rooms at all—she thinks it vastly unwholesome—and as for kissing him, I could not take upon myself to allow it upon any account—It is as good as my place is worth, Mrs. Cartwright."

Mrs. Cartwright was silent with indignation: she felt as if she ought to say something; but she knew not what—she was quite astounded.

"You must, I am sure, have mistaken Lady Brandon's orders," at length she articulated. "It must be her wish to encourage the affection which Lord St. Germains shews for his brother."

"Oh, as to that, madam, it matters little, poor young gentleman, who he shews affection

for—he'll not be long, most certain, here, to shew affection for any body."

"Very well, take the child away."

"The child!" repeated the nurse, as she left the room, "the child, indeed!—Lady Brandon be glad!—glad, indeed!—poor little crippled thing!—a pretty companion for you, my jewel—well, it can't last long—it will be, to be sure, a great mercy when it pleases the Lord to take him—he can't last long—that's one comfort."

"Mrs. Cartwright," said the little boy, "what does the baby's nurse mean?—why may I not kiss my brother?—I know very well why she calls me poor young gentleman!—I am indeed a poor young gentleman—I know *that* very well; but why may I not kiss and love my brother?—I think so much about him—a great deal, indeed—I am older a vast, vast deal than he is—and I mean to be so careful of him, and I shall give him my little pony, because it is so quiet; and I shall give

him my kings of England that you made me, and all my best things--But I shall not give him two things—not this," it was his little locket, with his mother's picture and hair; "nor you, my good dear, dear Mrs. Cartwright!"

After this time my communication with the house of Brandon ceased for awhile. The family went abroad; it was said, with the intention of visiting the baths of Carlsbad, to try their effect upon the Earl of St. Germains. Be that as it might, the absence lasted for several years, and eleven springs and winters had passed over our heads, before the Marquis with his family returned to the castle.

My communication with the family, I have said, had ceased, but it was not entirely so, it was maintained in some degree by my correspondence with Mrs. Cartwright, who was punctual in writing during the whole period of their

absence. She remained still attached to the young Earl in the capacity of gouvernante, for his health continued such as to require the most tender assiduity. What mortifications and contempts she received at the hands of the Marchioness, in return for her cares, I never exactly knew, for she, in no single sentence, made the slightest allusion to her own situation or feelings, except as they were connected with those of the Earl. She had made a resolution to devote herself to the child of the woman she had so much loved and honoured; and no affronts to her pride, no insults to her feelings, no vexations, no discomforts, nothing in short but an absolute dismissal, would she allow to separate her from the household of which he formed a part. I learned afterwards that she had borne all the insolences, to which her equivocal rank in the family exposed her, with the most serene and unflinching patience; appearing not to observe them wherever it was possible, and when this could not be done, op-

posing to every thing the imperturbable defence of a spirit that would not be ruffled.

Her letters spoke of her young èléve with an affection that would have been a passion, in a heart less disciplined. She dwelt upon the delicacy, the sensibility, and the strength of his character, as it unfolded before her eyes. Of his thirst for knowledge—his ardent and poetic imagination—his nice discernment and his exquisite taste—his grateful and docile temper—his generous and affectionate heart.—All, however, was clouded by the melancholy consideration that these bright promises would terminate in an early grave. I found that in this respect Mrs. Cartwright but shared the universal impression, that this highly-gifted youth was the victim of a mortal disease; and that in spite of all his endowments, such a deliverance from sorrow and from mortification was the greatest blessing his friends could desire for him.

"I have endeavoured unremittingly," said

she, in one of her letters; "following as I best might the intentions of his wise and excellent mother, to strengthen and nerve his soul against those sufferings which I anticipate in future life, for one so exquisitely susceptible, placed under such peculiarly cruel circumstances. I believe I have succeeded in teaching him to *endure*—but, alas! how shall I deaden the sense of pain—how allay the bitterness of mortification?—It is a feeble consolation to know that he possesses the unflinching courage of the Spartan—the inexhaustible constancy of the Christian—if his life be to prove but one sad succession of anguish, physical as well as moral. Even now, young as he is, how melancholy are his days! Languishing on a sick bed, or drawn in his chair round these monotonous groves and gardens," she was writing from their Italian villa, "a poor helpless cripple, while others of his age are rioting in all the enjoyments of health, and youth, and vigour. The rare brightness of his

intellect, it is true, affords him, in this premature decay, some of those more sober pleasures which belong to riper years; but how forced and unnatural are these in the place of exercise and joy! How sickly and pale they appear to me, compared with the animated existence of his brother Lord Louis, the very picture of health and beauty, springing as I now see him, from his Arabian, on a return from an inspiring ride round this enchanting neighbourhood.

" The very fragility of Lord St. Germains' existence," she continued, " occasions serious disadvantages in other ways; he is looked upon by all as dying, and has been so ever since we left England. I have had the utmost difficulty in obtaining for him those advantages of education, to which his rank, to say no more, entitles him; and this merely by persuading the Marquis that they were necessary to his present amusement; for that he should reap any permanent advantage from them, appears to all an impossibility. I confess I share in

these anticipations, and should have felt my courage fail, had it been necessary to urge Lord St. Germains to mental exertion by the stimulus of the slightest severity; but all my difficulty has been to restrain this ardent and enthusiastic spirit; never weary of drinking at the wells of knowledge, emulous of every perfection, and of every accomplishment: indeed, my dear Mr. Wilson, it is difficult to express the sensations to which a reflection upon his character and circumstances gives rise; the excessive admiration, or the excessive regret, with which they inspire me."

In another letter, replying to one of mine, which contained a few cautious enquiries, she gave me to understand that Lord St. Germains lived a good deal secluded from his family, and never appeared with the Marchioness in public; that Lord Louis seemed to be considered by every one as the principal personage, and was treated in all respects as the heir ought to be; in short, that the

Marchioness seemed so fully persuaded that the elder son would never live to be of any service, either to herself, or to her children, that she studied little to obtain his regard personally, or to cultivate the affection he seemed to wish to bestow upon his brothers and sisters.

There were now four of them; three daughters having followed Lord Louis into the world.

Thus passed, as I have said, eleven years; when orders were suddenly sent from Paris to put the castle in preparation to receive the family; and on a fine evening in July, the carriages once more swept up the little street, and Brandon Castle was again alive.

This time it was not, however, peopled with a crowd of fashionable visitors, but with that swarm of—*reptiles* I had almost said—which a great family usually brings in its train after a

long residence abroad. The French, and the German, and the Italian governesses, my lady's femme de chambre, and my young ladies' Swiss bonne—my lord's French valet, and my lord's French cook—my lady's—what name ought I to give him? man of virtù, who chattered in broken English and looked after pictures—Lord Louis's foreign tutor—his mother's Albanian page—these, with grooms, footmen, *coulurieres*, and under nurses, and a whole tribe of inferior servants, soon filled the long silent walls with noise and riot; for the household was, with all its air of pretension, ill kept, and ill disciplined. Four times the necessary number of servants were retained in each department, and a certain decorum was wanting in their behaviour, when not under the immediate eye of their superiors. The foreigners were for ever quarrelling, the natives always grumbling. Jealousy, idleness, and vice, were the denizens of the stables and servants' hall; corruption and peculation of the

steward's and housekeeper's rooms; how it was above I had soon the means of observing.

When I paid my respects at the castle, I was received by the Marchioness with great apparent cordiality—she always, I cannot tell why, vied with her predecessor in marks of favour to me — and treated me as a member of the body politic of Brandon. Medical men are however frequently thus favoured by great ladies.

After a little conversation, she asked me whether I should not like to see the children; and opening a glass door, which led from her dressing-room down a flight of steps, conducted me to the pleasure-ground below. It was a turfy glade hung round with large trees, and laid out with a few flower-beds, now rich with glowing colours. The first sound which attracted my attention, was that of loud laughter. The laughter proceeded from a group of little girls, attended by two or three young women, whose foreign dress, airs and graces, soon shewed

me they must be of France or Italy. The little girls were none of them very handsome; they were pale, and cold looking—but they had skins delicate as marble, large black and haughty eyes, like their mother, eye-brows in fine dark lines, and dark silken hair. Yet, a certain stiffness, and want of expression, pervaded their features, which, though regular, gave no impression of charm or beauty to the eye; they looked extremely fashionable, but it was a foreign air of fashion, far too decidedly so, to please my English eyes, and I could not endure the womanly ways that these little creatures, of eight, nine and ten years old assumed; nor the perfect self-possession, and finished manner, with which they received the introduction their mother gave me. They soon sat down again on the grass, and resumed their amusements and their bursts of laughter, which sounded, to me, rather affected than gay. A little way before them stood Lord Louis. I never saw so beautiful a boy—he

was yet scarcely twelve, but his fine luxuriant growth, his glowing cheek — his liquid, expressive eyes—his hyacinthine locks of sunny brown, as they curled clustering round his face; his noble and manly bearing, gave him the air of one nearly two years older than he really was. He was occupied with a French poodle which he was endeavouring to train, to perform the manual exercise, when his mother with a face beaming with pride and pleasure, presented him to me—he gave me his hand, with an air at once so frank, and so spirited, that he won my regard in a moment. It was the French poodle, I found, which was the cause of all the merriment I had heard; his tricks excited by the lively boy, who stimulated him to exhibition, were so amusing that they almost put *me* to my smiles.

After looking on this merry scene a little while, I asked for Lord St. Germains—

" Ah, poor creature, where is he indeed?" said my Lady — " where is Lord St. Ger-

mains, Geraldine?" addressing her eldest daughter.

"Dear, mamma, how should I know," said she carelessly, and continued her amusement.

"Don't you see him under the trees there with Lilia:" said the second daughter, Lady Isabella.

"He's ill to-day," said Lord Louis, "he won't come among us—and I suppose you'll none of you go to him.

"It's not our business to nurse him," said Lady Geraldine.

I went up towards the group of trees. There in his chair, that melancholy wheeled chair, sat, or rather lay, my unfortunate young friend. —He had leaned back, and his eyes were closed—and his expression was of that painful cast which rests upon the countenance, when severe bodily anguish has at length abated. His finely chiselled features were pale and exhausted — a wanness, rather than a delicacy, was upon his temples, over

which hung his raven hair in dark heavy masses — his mouth was in the least open — but round it breathed the expression of that repose, which succeeds to acute pain.

"Hush!" softly whispered a gentle voice.

I looked down — on the footstool of his chair sat a little girl, about nine years of age — the most beautiful little being that I had ever beheld; her sweet infantine face was moulded in the most exquisite form and tinted with the richest roses; her hair, of a fine auburn, threaded with gold, and slightly confined over her brow, by a narrow blue fillet, fell in abundance of waves and curls over her lovely cheeks, and soft and waxen neck and shoulders. The prettiest dimpled finger in the world was laid on lips like parted cherries; while her large brilliant eyes of that clear dark grey, which reflects every feeling of the soul, fringed by long silken lashes,

were fixed on mine with an expression of the most speaking earnestness. She had a book open upon her lap, and seemed to have been occupied in reading while she watched by his side.

I approached very softly—"Is he asleep?" I whispered.

"*Ah oui—mais il a tant souffert—tant souffert, mais il dort, il dort enfin—hist—hist,*" —and rising from her seat, she regarded him —her little features working with compassion, and the tears standing in her lovely large eyes.

"Does he then suffer so much pain?" I replied.

"*Helas, oui beaucoup, beaucoup,—mais qu'il est bon—qu'il est doux.*"

"And who are you, may I ask, my pretty little lady, who seem so kindly watching him? are you one of his sisters?"

"*Helas, non, je suis Lilia.*"

"And may I ask why you are here instead

of being with the rest? hark! how they are laughing."

"I know it," said she, "they have got the dog; but I can't bear to leave him in his pain all alone. Oh, I am so sorry for him, such pain! and all by himself too—*si triste—si triste*. I like better to take care of him, than to hear them laugh."

"Are you then such great friends?"

"Ah, yes! he is so good to me, he teaches me every thing almost; and when mademoiselle is very cross," (with the prettiest air of confidence in the world), "I creep, creep away to him—and though he is sometimes in such pain!—such pain!—he says all sorts of kind things to me—and comforts me—and tells me to be patient and quiet—and when I am passionate and naughty, he speaks so gently and so kindly, that I am ready to die with sorrow and shame."

"Then you *are* sometimes naughty?"

"To be sure I am—every body is naughty

but he. Ah, never! never!—he is never the least tiny bit naughty."

This little whispering conversation was interrupted by a slight movement in the sleeper.

"Ah, he is waking," cried the little creature—and, flying to his side, she put her face close to his; "You are better, are not you?"

"Yes, my dear," in a low and languid voice. "Have you been with me all this time?"

"Oh, yes, and have read all that long piece —I can say it now very well."

"Not at present—How they are laughing! go to them, my dear little girl. I can do very well by myself now."

"I would rather stay by you."

"But you have been by me all this afternoon—and this dear little tongue must be sadly tired of being so still—*n'est ce pas, ma tres jolie petite Lilia?*"

"But I may chatter to you now, you know:—but I forgot, here is a gentleman."

I advanced from behind the chair. "I fear, my Lord, you must have quite forgotten Mr. Wilson."

"That I shall never do," with the most polite air in the world. "Mr. Wilson, I am very happy indeed to see you again—Will you excuse me rising?—I am almost a prisoner—Still in this self-same chair, though I fill it somewhat better than I once did."

"Your Lordship is indeed very much grown; and, I hope, improved in health and strength since I had the honour of seeing you last."

"I cannot boast much of that—Existence is to me still an effort and a pain . . . . That I exist at all, I believe, astonishes all the world, and no one more than myself—but having struggled so long, I begin to think that I am to live; and, much as I sometimes endure, I assure you the expectation is an agreeable one. Now, my

sweet little Lilia, you must go and tell some one to bring a chair for Mr. Wilson—for if he has a little leisure, I mean to keep him by me for a space. I live, sir," turning to me, "in the open air, and I too well remember the kindness you used to shew me, not to feel sure that you will sit by me, and indulge me with your company here."

"I need not assure your Lordship of my great pleasure in doing so," said I, struck and affected by all I saw, and gratified to find myself so cordially welcomed, by one, in whom I took so deep an interest. The little Lilia fluttered away like a butterfly, pausing from flower to flower—His eyes followed her.

"What a very sweet and pretty child!" I said.

"The sweetest, dearest little being in the universe!—how charming some children are, Mr. Wilson!—what affectionate hearts and tender feelings!—Would you believe it, this dear little thing, from the moment she first

came into this family, has attached herself to me, evidently from the purest sentiments of compassion—She sees my isolated situation;—and forsakes every pleasure, and neglects every amusement, to flutter round me, like a little cherub .... This very day has that creature held my hand for nearly an hour, while I was very ill—and then when I sleep, she sinks down at my feet, and sits the very picture of silence,—'More patient than the brooding dove, when that her golden couplets are disclosed.' Though when I am well, it is the merriest, wildest, little spirit——"

"She must be a great amusement to you."

"Ah! she is much more than that—I am unfortunately," with a slight sigh, "very fond of children, and am not, as you know, a very engaging companion for such volatile beings—The affection and company of this little girl are a consolation for some disappointments—carry a sweetness with them... Besides, I think,

pretty creature, I can be of use to *her*—that is gratifying to one who longs to be busy, as I unluckily do—I endeavour to repeat some of the excellent things Mrs. Cartwright has laboured to teach me, to this far softer and more docile mind—and I really think my little pupil will do me credit;" smiling, "though nature has been so prodigal, I almost fear to meddle with her handy work."

The little lady now came flying back, followed by a footman carrying a chair. I sat down by Lord St. Germains' side.

"Now, dear little Lilia, you must gather Mr. Wilson a nosegay as large as your head."

Away she flew over the grass, her white frock fluttering, like the wings of a swan, behind her; and we continued our conversation.

I think there must be something in me which invites confidence: for, young as Lord St. Germains had been when we last met, I was treated by him as an old friend the moment we met again; though certainly there

were many subjects which he did not enter upon till some time afterwards. He began to speak of his travels, of the various countries he had visited; displaying the most ardent enthusiasm for the beauties of nature, and the most refined taste in those of art. Probably because I was a medical man, he talked more openly to me than he would otherwise have done, of the effect produced by his peculiar situation upon all his views and sentiments—for he seldom alluded to himself except in confidential conversations with a very few of his friends.

"I am aware," he said, "and I think to their full extent, of the disadvantages under which I lie—to be deformed is a heavy misfortune, the bitterness of which I have only, perhaps, begun to taste—The time for that is not yet fully come—but I should have found it more easy to reconcile myself to being a sort of monster in the eyes of the world, if I could have hoped to win approbation and regard by acts of energy and of virtue. Unhap-

pily, the miserable helplessness of my condition renders that very difficult, and seems to condemn me to a woman's obscurity, without her usefulness. Reflections such as these might have driven me, as they sometimes have well nigh driven me, to despair,—had not the wisdom of Mrs. Cartwright rescued me. She has taught me to look upon life with different, and, I hope, purer eyes,—as a theatre of duty rather than of success;—and where the first duty is obedience,—the second, not to bury, in fretful impatience, the *single talent* in a napkin. She has stimulated me to endeavour to improve my small one to its full extent—and, in this endeavour, I have found peace, and, since this darling child came amongst us—happiness. I hope to live now to be of some service to my fellow-creatures.—It will be something, at least, to shew that personal defects, however great, need not irretrievably blast the career of a resolute man. And the hunch-back lord, miserable cripple as he is,

may, perhaps, leave some worthy evidence of his existence behind him, when he closes it.—" . .

He was interrupted by Lilia, who flew to him, her face streaming with tears.

" My Lilia, what is it?"

" They will not let me get any flowers—and the Marchioness is angry with me for touching her roses—I said they were for you, but she is very, very angry, and bade me take care how I presumed to gather her flowers—and they are all very cross with me—and, oh! where shall I get flowers for you? sweet flowers—such as I used to gather for you at Fontainbleau—orange flowers, and carnations, and roses, that you loved so—and I dressed your room all over with them when you were ill!"

" Never mind, little girl, we—" kissing the tears from her glowing cheeks and brimming eyes—" we must not touch other people's things, you know—no one likes that—I did not know they were in the Marchioness's garden when I sent you. We must have a pretty

little garden of our own in some nook or other; and then my Lilia shall bury me in roses, if she likes. But don't cry—it is wrong and weak to cry—and I would rather never touch a rose more, than that my Lilia should do what is wrong or weak."

"But it is so hard," said the little one, indignantly sobbing, "they take every thing themselves, and they give you nothing.—Lady Geraldine has a lap full of roses—and you, who are so good, and so ill——"

"My dear, roses are more proper things for Lady Geraldine than for me. You know I am quite a man now, and roses are for ladies."

"But you like them, though."

"I like them, my Lilia, when you bring them. But if you will fill your frock with daisies, it will do as well—I saw some under the trees. Go, and gather me a load of them."

Away went Lilia again. I was silent, and looked surprised and heated.

"Mr. Wilson, may I ask of you one great favour?—.... I hope to see very much of you while I am here—Will you be so kind as to endeavour not to see *for* me some few things which I desire to be blind to myself?"

I soon after rose to take my leave; Lord St. Germains first exacting a promise that I would visit him very frequently.

"You loved my mother, Mr. Wilson.—May her unfortunate son presume upon that regard, and look upon you as his friend? Helpless as I am—it is absolutely necessary for me to have some one in whom I can place implicit confidence, and make, in short, a second self—one who will have the benevolence, and the patience, to assist a feeble being in its efforts at action.—Will you be this friend, Mr. Wilson? You may perhaps wonder at, or, rather, despise me, for shewing so much forwardness and unreserve—but I feel as if I knew you very well—your kindness to me before I left England, made a strong impression on my

childish feelings, and your correspondence with Mrs. Cartwright has increased my respect for you. Besides, are you not my guardian? Are you not the friend selected by my mother, to be mine in the hour of my need?"

It is unnecessary to add that I was much touched by all this; he could not for a moment doubt the interest I took in him. He felt it, and took my hand.

"Mr. Wilson, you are the man I have been in search of. I thank God he has granted me what I so much wanted."

On my return home, I found Judy in an ecstasy. The Marchioness had been into town, with that beautiful Lord Louis on horseback. "She stopped at Mr. Derne's for some writing-paper, looking so charmingly—and Lord Louis ordered I don't know how many things at Mr. Blore's for his dog-kennel—He has a hundred-and-fifty dogs, I do believe—and there was following him such a King Charles! black and tan,

with such ears, and the sweetest little head! and last of all, brother, they called here—for the little darling had hurt his foot, and they thought to find you at home.—So, when I saw who it was, though you know I *never* go into the shop under any circumstances—yet I would not leave them to the boy, so I just popped my best bonnet over my cap—and put on my new black apron, and looked very tidy—I assure you, and I went down to the door, and I said—' I am most concerned, my Lady, that my brother is not at home. What is the matter with the sweet little darling—your Ladyship's dog?' and then she said, ' Not my Ladyship's, but Lord Louis's dog, Miss Wilson—this is Lord Louis,' looking proudly up at him—and then he lifted up his head like an archangel, as he is, all glowing with his ride, and said—' I can't imagine what the deuce is in Fanfan, mamma—she certainly runs lame, and I can see nothing the matter with her foot.' And then I said ' May I presume, my Lord'—and sure enough, there

was a thorn, which I extracted—and my Lady said, 'Thank you, Miss Wilson;' and my Lord said—'Off with you, Fanfan,' and away they cantered to the castle.—Ah! he is a noble boy, and will well become his great estate."

"His great estate! Judy, what are you talking of?"

"Oh, I had forgot; it's not his estate just yet, to be sure—but sure it will be, for they say the poor cripple can't last long."

I turned from her, and I felt it was of no use to be angry. I thought it a sort of profanation to discuss Lord St. Germains' circumstances in such a conversation as this.

A few days afterwards, I paid a second visit to the castle—I then saw my friend Mrs. Cartwright—I found her occupying the ancient part of the castle—Lord St. Germains and herself having retired to these deserted chambers, where they had formed a sort of establish-

ment of their own, removed from the noise and hurry of the other apartments. She seemed gratified by the impression her pupil had made upon me. She told me that the little Lilia was a humble connexion of the Marchioness, and had been received into the family with a view to her speaking French with the little girls; that her education had been entirely neglected, and was not likely much to have advanced, under the care of her cousins' governesses—much too fine, and much too indolent, to throw away their labours upon a being so insignificant: that the child had early attached herself to Lord St. Germains, evidently from the most generous feeling of compassion; and that he, much touched by her sensibility, and interested by her situation, had, in a manner, adopted her as his own: that he had carefully instructed her in every thing which she was capable of at present acquiring, of which her progress in English was some proof—to say nothing of music, in which she

was already a proficient for her age: but that he was still more intent upon forming her mind and character, so as to prepare her to endure the numerous ills of her situation, without servility and without impatience.

"These two unfortunate young creatures,"—said she, "unfortunate in circumstances so exactly opposed, yet coloured with the same character of mortification, seem to have been drawn by a secret sympathy towards each other; and the little Lilia is to Lord St. Germains every thing he could desire in an affectionate sister, while he is a father and protector to her. You see our apartments are distinct from those of the rest of the family—and our presence in the general circle appears little desired; so that our life is solitary enough at times—but it is enlivened by this sweet little being, and she is so glad, I believe, to escape from the haughty governesses, and from her cousins, who love her little, that she is for ever with us; and, being not much wanted, and not much missed,

is seldom enquired for—They are now together very busy, making a garden."

Mrs. Cartwright was not fond of gossiping —She never, but to me, I believe, mentioned any circumstance that passed in the family—but she gave me to understand that the Marquis, easy and indolent, left every thing to the Marchioness—that she, imperious, self-willed, and cold-hearted, governed with little regard to justice, or an equitable attention to the respective rights of the members of her family—and that no expense was spared upon Lord Louis: that his pleasure or advantage was consulted at the expense of every other consideration—he being the idol of his mother's heart, who evidently still looked upon him as his father's future heir. He had his dog-kennels, and his stables already, and, though a mere boy, had the tastes and habits of an expensive man.—His sisters were somewhat differently treated—To make them fashionable—elegant—accomplished —distinguished—was the mother's sole aim—

little regard being paid to any other consideration. Health might be a little attended to—but the morals—the temper—all that forms the disposition and character, were totally and entirely overlooked. Abandoned to interested governesses, the little girls were flattered into pride—tempted to meanness—and initiated even thus early, into those arts which are thought so useful in the great world. Dress, accomplishments, and personal attractions, were the incessant theme of their conversation, and the objects of their thoughts and wishes; and these ill-conditioned French women were not ashamed to propose to creatures so very young, the consideration of making excellent matches, like their mother, as the motive for all their exertions.

In the meantime, every thing was denied to Lord St. Germains—or, I ought rather to say, would have been denied, had he not, with a simplicity in unison— and a firmness and a pertinacity which seemed scarcely consistent,

—with the usual gentleness—even softness—of his demeanour, persisted in asking for, and in obtaining, all he thought necessary for his own improvement and rational well-being—at the same time that a murmur never passed his lips at all that was done for the others—and he sedulously abstained from interfering with the proceedings of the Marchioness, in the slightest degree.

"He gave an example of this yesterday—You were present when poor little Lilia was repulsed while gathering a few roses—He took no notice whatever of the affront; but soon afterwards he went to the Marchioness, and petitioned for a particular spot, about a quarter of an acre, which lies in a remote part of the shrubberies, quite neglected, and asked to be allowed to have it for a garden.—She seems quite to dislike granting him the smallest indulgence—as if it were a concession to rights she would fain never acknowledge—but the request was made with so much respectful plainness, that

she could not refuse—so Lilia and he are very busy there this morning."

There I went, and there I found them—and who so proud or so busy as little Lilia? —The young Lord was in his chair, as usual, with a small table before him, covered with plans, which he was explaining to the happy child.—His design was to make a sort of botanic garden of this spot: but he was promising to the tiny fairy, a world of roses, carnations, and orange-flowers. Several workmen were employed preparing the ground: and Lilia, all animation, was receiving orders, measuring, chatting, and running about. Their books lay upon a bench near, and Lilia's work-basket. — Her book was the *Robinson Suisse*—his, a volume of Wordsworth's Poems.

After the first salutations were over, " I find you bestowing much happiness, my Lord!" was my remark.

" And receiving it," was his reply. " What a sweet and calm afternoon!—how soft is the air!—how soothing the various sounds that

reach us in this quiet corner!—the hum of the insects—the distant lowing of the herds—the very sound of the mattocks and spades, as my labourers ply their work in my little Lilia's behalf.... How beautiful an opening into that glade, where the deer are reposing, their glossy coats tinted by the mellow sun-beam!—how dark the foliage of the noble trees that hang around us!—and that sweet child, what a brightness her fluttering gestures and playful smiles give to this little landscape!"—....

"It is indeed a glorious world, Mr. Wilson, and I feel that heavenly moments are granted to us here—which make it a privilege even to exist—poor miserable creatures as we too often call ourselves."

I said I had often experienced what he was now feeling; and that I rejoiced from my soul that he had so disciplined his mind as to be capable of tasting the enjoyments offered to him, without blighting them by repining or discontent.

" Mrs. Cartwright has taken great pains with me, and has endeavoured to impress upon my mind that it is better to face inevitable calamity at once with courage, and gratefully accept such alleviations as the nature of the case allows—than to endeavour, by a feeble self-flattery, to delude the imagination, by concealing the reality and the extent of an evil. I think I have considered my situation in all its bearings—and have endeavoured to estimate it justly—Doubtless, the disadvantages I endure are very great, but they may be supported by a proper resolution; and the better parts of human life, I may still consider mine—ennobling thoughts, efforts at virtue—the simple pleasures of nature—and I hope, in some degree, of affection—the love of that little darling!—. . . . but I am weak there—How it has raised me in my own self-estimation!—yet that is but a reed to lean upon," with a gentle shake of the head, " and I have other, and I trust, more stable supports. Do you know

this book?"—pointing to the one lying before him—"It is to poets such as Wordsworth, that minds like mine lie under everlasting obligation." He opened at the Excursion.

"What an admirable poem!—replete with wisdom and with consolation. I have endeavoured, (but you will smile at my simplicity,) to form myself in some measure upon thoughts such as these—thoughts, so well becoming a solitary—for such, alas! I am,—and to rest my philosophy upon the noble foundations which are here pointed out:

Alas! the endowment of immortal power
Is match'd unequally with custom, time,
And domineering faculties of sense,
In all.—In most with superadded foes
Idle temptations, countless, still renew'd,
Ephemeral offspring of the unblushing world.
And in the private regions of the mind,
Ill govern'd passions, ranklings of despite,
Immoderate wishes, pining discontent,
Distress and care.—What then remains?—to seek
Those helps for his occasions ever near,
Who lacks not will to use them—Vows renew'd
On the first motion of a holy thought,

Vigils of contemplation, praise, and prayer,—
A stream, which, from the fountain of the heart,
Flowing however feebly, never flows
Without access of unexpected strength—
But, above all, the victory is most sure,
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience—Conscience reverenced and obey'd,
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And his most perfect image in the world—
Endeavour thus to live—these rules regard—
These helps solicit—

He paused—his pale and sickly countenance was illuminated for an instant—then, as if ashamed of all he had been saying, he began once more to apologise, and to attribute to his sickness, and to his infirmity, this tincture of romance, as he called it, in his temper—"And you will not forget, Mr. Wilson, that I have lived little with *men* at present—and that I have, till now, wanted the advantage of having my ways of thinking corrected by communication with minds more masculine than my own.—But now I will have done talking of

myself—for really, if you have time, I have so much important business to speak upon—that I scarcely know where to begin."

He then asked me what funds I had which he might call his own—"The income I mean." I explained to him that it amounted at this time to £600 a-year; for which, or for any part of the principal, he could draw upon me as he wanted it.

"I shall want it directly for my child and myself," said he laughing; "and it will not be half enough; so I mean to get my father to pay for my own education—while I provide for that of others—like a true enthusiast, you know; who always overlooks his most natural wants and duties."

He then told me that he must immediately have a tutor, who must be a gentleman in his manners; but, above all, a profound scholar—"I wish to be a scholar. And dear Mrs. Cartwright, with all her pains—has never been able to obtain for me the means. I must obtain

them *now* for myself. If my father cannot afford me that indulgence, I shall pay for it; but I think he will not refuse."

"It is impossible he should," cried I.

"I am sure he will not, if he can help it: but his is an expensive family. In his rank, it is lamentable how much apparent wealth and real poverty there is."

"His very mother's remark," thought I.

"Mr. Wilson, I know you will find me what I want. For my lovely one," added he, "much is not yet necessary, and my education will be finished before her's begins: but an education she *shall* have."

"I should have thought," I said, "that the means were already provided in the young ladies' school-room."

"No," replied he, "not for Lilia," and dropped the subject.

Lord St. Germains then proceeded to ask me several questions relating to the old dependants of the family, and the situation of the poor

upon the estate; and made me explain in detail what had been his mother's arrangements to secure the welfare of the cottagers. Her benevolent plans had been sadly neglected during the long absence of the family; and want, vice and disorder had succeeded to comfort, industry, and regularity. He lamented with me this change, and promised to spare no exertions to restore things to their former situation; a promise he amply redeemed. Young as he was—and helpless as he was—the energies of his mind triumphed over his situation; and, from the corner of his chamber, he contrived to regulate these matters so well, that in a few years, from the most idle, poaching, squalid peasantry in the country, our cottagers became remarkable for respectability and good conduct.

As we were thus discoursing, we were interrupted by the joyous cries of Lilia.

"Oh, they are coming—they are coming."

"And several men, wheeling barrows full

of plants and flowers, entered the garden. Lord St. Germains now devoted himself to his little friend—pointing out to her, on the plan before him, the place each plant was to occupy, and explaining in words suitable to her childish understanding, the reasons of his arrangement. She was charming—now fixing her large eyes so seriously on his face—now clapping her dimpled hands and springing for joy, as she understood his ideas.

"*Oui, mais il sera charmant—charmant—notre petit jardin!* Ah, St. Germains! good St. Germains! dear St. Germains. *Que vous étes amiable!—amiable!—*"

I was as busy as she was, assisting and talking, and laughing: when a noise was heard in the thicket—First rushed in two beautiful setters, whose appearance sent Lilia screaming and flying to the chair of her protector—They were followed in a moment by Lord Louis, glowing with exercise—a noble figure.—He carried his light gun in his hand, but threw

it down, as he approached, with an air of vexation.

"How are you, brother? What a charming spot you have found for you and your pretty, sweet, lovely little pet!—but, Lilia, why do you cry, and run away from my dogs?—they will not hurt you, you foolish little thing."

"Indeed, Louis, we must excuse her: they came upon her so unexpectedly; but she will be wiser in time, won't you, Lilia?"

"I don't like such great horrid creatures," said Lilia.

"You don't like them! why did you ever in your life, you foolish, confoundedly pretty creature, see such a couple of noble animals? Only look at them, St. Germains—*you* have the eye of a painter. Are they not quite a study?"

"Noble dogs; where did you get them?"

"Oh, Pitson got them from Lord Clare's keeper—broke on purpose for me—a hundred

guineas the pair—well worth a hundred and fifty."

I looked down—so did not Lord St. Germains. He only laughed, and said:

"You are a clever fellow, Louis. I shall think you a cleverer when you see your *one* hundred again."

"And now," cried Lord Louis, "what the devil bewitches my mother, I cannot guess; but a crotchet is come into her head, that I am too young—too young! heaven help her! to be trusted with a gun. Not use my gun!" added he petulantly. "One might as well be dead, as submit to this tyranny. I'd rather be dead, if I mayn't have my pleasure—A thousand times rather be dead."

"Ah, how silly you are, Lord Louis;" said Lilia, "how very—very silly;—what! be dead because you may not shoot: you who have horses, and Fanfans, and pheasants, and guinea pigs and rabbits—all of your own—own—own."

"You know nothing about it at all, you

silly little exquisite charming darling; so give me a kiss, and don't lecture *me*."

"No I shan't," said Lilia, "I have made a vow—"

"You a vow!"

"I shan't kiss any one in this house but Mrs. Cartwright."

"Nonsense! that piece of grey marble!"

"She's not a piece of grey marble," said Lilia, firing up, "and you are a very, very naughty boy to call her so—She's very good—she's very clever—she's very kind. And if she *is* pale, that's prettier than great red cheeks, like yours." And her's were crimson.

"Softly, my Lilia," said St. Germains, "defend your friends, but don't abuse your adversaries.

"Oh, let her abuse me, the pretty little vixen, but I *will* have a kiss.

"No brother, not now, you will vex the child. Shall I speak to the Marchioness about your gun?"

"That was what I was just going to ask you, St. Germains; I really shall be prodigiously obliged to you—it is monstrously absurd, is it not?"

"We must remember," said St. Germains, "she is a woman and a mother; and a doating mother. So much love as you receive will bring its inconveniences."

"I wish she would give me a little less of both then," was the undutiful answer; "however, do see what you can make of her. She minds you a good deal, I can tell you, when you speak in the proper way."

"But I am afraid I shall not be able to speak in the proper way, in this case," said St. Germains, laughing, "that is, according to your ideas of the proper way—very decisively—for you are her own son, and she has a right--"

"Don't talk of rights, bothering—Will you do it or not?"

"I will try; but I will not speak in a manner that you ought not to wish me to do;

that is to say, imperiously, *decisively*, as you call it."

"Well, well, manage it any way, but let me have my gun, and, Lilia, I will shoot you a dove."

"Don't," said Lilia, "I don't want a dove shot, I'm sure."

"Why, you simpleton, I thought you loved birds!"

"I don't love to have them shot—and I don't love you for shooting them!"

"Don't you? but you must—for I cannot live without shooting, nor without sweet pretty Lilia loving me: and so, good bye—for you are so cross, I'd better be off;" and he left us, whistling away his dogs.

We were all silent for a short space.—At last, "He is a fine boy, is he not, sir?" said St. Germains.

"It is somewhat of a pity he is indulged so far," I ventured to say.

"I don't know," was the generous answer. "I hope it will do him no serious harm, and

it must be so pleasant to be adored by a mother, that I cannot regret it."

For myself, I found it difficult to sympathise with this generosity. I stood pondering upon the unjust partiality which, while it denied to one son the means of accomplishing the noblest purposes, lavished money without reserve upon the most idle tastes of the other.

The summer passed on. In the course of it, I procured for Lord St. Germains the attendance of a gentleman of my acquaintance, an excellent scholar; under whose instruction he soon made an astonishing proficiency in those branches of learning which, whether justly or not, are considered by us as essential to the character of an accomplished gentleman. He at the same time commenced those schemes for ameliorating the condition of the peasantry, which, as I have before stated, produced in a few years such excellent results. Little Lilia, under his fostering and gentle care, continued to expand in loveliness; her gay smiles and

heart-cheering laughter, her winning frolics and caressing ways, compensating to him for many hours of suffering and despondency.

Lord Louis went to Eton, where he was speedily distinguished as the handsomest and cleverest boy in the school; and also for a reckless wantonness of expense which, even in that seminary, renowned for fashion and for folly, not to say vice, made him quite remarkable; but his fine talents and generous temper endeared him to all, in spite of his faults, and appeared in some manner to justify the excessive fondness of his mother.

So time rolled away, and years passed over our heads, bringing with them few changes, except as regarded the growth of all these young creatures. Lord St. Germains slowly ripened from a tender and sensitive youth to a manhood of deep and powerful feeling. His understanding strengthened with his years, and acquired a firmness and an expansion truly

wonderful, considering the life he had led; but his health amended little. He appeared still hovering upon the edge of the grave, visited at intervals by cruel pains—a cripple, walking and moving with difficulty,—and his deformity, though somewhat less apparent to the eye, still rendering him remarkable wherever he went. He came of age during this interval, and, by his own desire, the day was marked by feasts and gifts to all the poor upon the estate, and by dinners to the tenants and to the gentlemen of Carstones; but he came not down to Brandon, his sense of his appearance being chiefly shewn, in a somewhat studious anxiety to avoid representation of every sort.

Lord Louis went from Eton to Oxford, where he continued his career of splendid extravagance, mingled, however, with rather less of vice than might have been expected. The example of his brother acted upon him certainly in the most salutary manner; he loved and he respected St. Germains, and though

often careless, and sometimes rude, treated him with deference, and with something almost like tenderness.

Some summers were passed at other country seats, and I lost sight of them all, once more, for a year or two.

It was early in June of the year 18—, that the family came down once more to Brandon Castle to spend the summer—A summer, how eventful!—Seven years have elapsed since last I presented them to my readers. They are all much changed in appearance. Lord St. Germains has acquired a brow of stronger character, an eye of deeper expression; he is become a thoughtful — energetic man — yet possessing deep sensibility. No one can look upon his very striking countenance without being assured of this.

The form of Lord Louis has expanded into a grace and beauty which render him pre-eminent, even among the handsomest race upon

earth, the aristocracy of England. His countenance glows with animation—his brow is clear and open—his eye sparkling, his lips haughtily curling, yet endowed with a smile of ineffable sweetness—his figure tall, symmetrical, with an elegance, and yet energy of gesture and action, singularly beautiful. His mother, on whom years have laid an unkind hand, gazes on him with a restless, anxious, uneasy love. Her eye is become hard, her complexion withered—her countenance unquiet—unsatisfied longings—uneasy fears, and the dark passions—rankling jealousy—evil discontent—bitter envy—have on it marked their lines.

The young ladies are just what one should expect from their education—fashionable, haughty, and cold—polite in their manners—ill regulated in their tempers—accomplished, without taste or imagination, worldly wise, with much real folly—over-taught, with much real ignorance—" seeming—seeming—seeming . . . . ."

Mrs. Cartwright is grown more grey and pale

than ever. She is much in her own apartments, or rather, in those of Lord St. Germains; for they still preserve the custom of having one sitting-room together.

But Lilia! how lovely is Lilia! she is just sixteen, and has ripened into something so sweet, that though it may be possible for others to conceive, it is out of my power to describe her.—She is formed, not like the Venus we love to paint, but, if possible, she is still more charming. That cherub face on which glows a radiance scarcely of this world, a glory of youth, health and innocence—those large, speaking, melting eyes—that round and dimpled cheek—that mouth of dewy roses—that form so soft, so light, so childlike still — those torrents of shining brown ringlets of hair which defy control, and fall over the ivory neck and shoulders, shading that fair brow and that sweet smiling countenance.... Then she sings—from those parted lips pour swelling floods of enchanting music, flowing like a stream upon the air, and

filling as with a volume of sound all those lonely, echoing ancient apartments, where Lord St. Germains and Mrs. Cartwright are.

. . . . He was reading, as usual, when I came into the room, placed in the deep embrasure of one of the old Gothic windows; the sun pouring through the stained glass and transparent foliage of a vine which mantled over the rich stone-work, a gleam of purple and golden light into the room. At the remote end of it Lilia sat at her pianoforte, giving the full melody of her voice to one of those delightful songs by German or Italian masters, the beauty of which I first learned from her to appreciate. —Mrs. Cartwright sat at her work, at a small table not far from Lord St. Germains.

I approached the window unperceived by Lilia, who was occupied with her instrument. On seeing Lord St. Germains, I was immediately struck with the very great improvement which had taken place in his appearance. The hue of health had succeeded on his coun-

tenance to the paleness of disease—his frame had acquired strength and firmness—he looked, in short, quite well. He received me with the utmost cordiality. I complimented him on his appearance, and said I had never seen him look in such good health in my life.

"I believe," said he, "it is impossible not to be well, when one is happy—It will give you pleasure, my dear Mr. Wilson, as my oldest friend, to hear, that I am *quite* happy. My painful disorder seems to have subsided—all my wishes are gratified—....I look upon myself as the happiest man upon the face of the earth.—....But I must present you to my pupil—Lilia, my dear, here is Mr. Wilson—" going up to her.

She came forward, holding by his hand,—he with an air of pride and pleasure, mingled, she with a sweet blush as he presented her to me. I was quite astonished at her beauty, and for a moment could not speak for admiration.

"Mr. Wilson," with the softest tone in the

world, "how very glad I am to see you again —I hope you have not forgotten little Lilia?"

"Impossible to forget her.—Yet you are so much grown, the sweet little plaything is become—you must excuse me, such a very lovely young lady——"

"Oh! Mr. Wilson, fie! you are on forbidden ground—you must not flatter—my guardian here does not allow any one to say the least civil thing in the world to me,—do you, St. Germains?—He pays me the compliment to think me quite vain and headstrong enough already, without any encouragement. But I hope you will ever keep your partiality for your little friend—I have the greatest value for it, I assure you.—But how do you think St. Germains is looking?"

"Most remarkably well."

"Oh! how glad I am to hear you say so! He has no pain now—no suffering; and we are *so* happy."

The eyes of Lord St. Germains were bent

upon her as she spoke, with the most touching expression.

"Ah, Lilia!" they seemed to say, "who would not be happy—the object of so sweet, so innocent an affection!"

I staid chatting some time with them.... Lilia gay and joyous as ever—the same wild petulant creature she had been as a child—with a heart as warm and generous as ever. I saw they were the best friends in the world; and they treated each other with an affectionate familiarity which set my mind quite at ease: for I had begun to fear, that the lovely Lilia might prove rather a dangerous companion for my young friend.

Whenever I saw them together, (and they seemed almost inseparable,) he appeared still the kind considerate tutor, she the willing, though rather unmanageable, élève. Provided he was well, she, content and playful as a wild fawn, sported about the woods and bowers, blessed in her own existence—unvexed by care

—untroubled with reflection.—She left all that to him—and tenderly did he watch over her. The others meanwhile treated her with a contemptuous neglect, which, I thought, had something in it of envy. The Marchioness affected to lament her dependant condition—the sisters to speak of her as one of a caste different from their own, and as *poor* Lilia. Little did Lilia regard all this; she returned their neglect with indifference—their contempt with a little saucy pouting now and then, and bestowed as little of her company upon them as possible; lavishing all her time, all her gaiety, all her sparkling merriment and innocent caresses, upon Mrs. Cartwright and her guardian, as she called him.

How often did we sit together in the little garden, now a perfect paradise. He busied with his various concerns—for, well knowing the lamentable indolence of his father's temper, and appreciating the evils thus occasioned

to his tenantry and dependants, he was indefatigable in endeavouring to obviate them. While Lilia would be there at her little table, in a sort of rustic bower they had made, reading, writing, drawing—then starting from her labours to frolic among the flowers, and by a thousand gay wiles endeavour to overset the gravity of her friend. It being evidently the triumph of her malice to make him laugh when he wanted to be serious, and smile when he was trying hard to frown. The French term *folâtre*, which I often heard them use, I thought was invented for this bewitching creature. Then she could be so charming with Mrs. Cartwright, so gentle, and so grave, as if she feared to oppress her spirits by too wild a gaiety, while Mrs. Cartwright returned her attentions with a fondness, I thought it scarcely in her nature to feel.

I never saw any being so perfectly in the possession of supreme happiness as Lord St.

Germains appeared at this time to be; his eyes and his countenance spoke the fulness of his heart, which, indeed, his lips often, in confidence, expressed to me; describing the charms of an existence, replete, to use his own words, with the most exquisite enjoyment ....

Little did he think, little did I imagine,—for wise as we considered ourselves upon some subjects, we were sad novices upon others—little did we suspect where the magic lay, which lent such a charm to every object.

A short time, and our eyes were opened.

I have spoken of Lord Louis, as if he had come down with the rest of the family.—It was not so, however—He arrived about a month after the rest, and his appearance was made the signal for a ball, which his sisters were wild to give; so cards were sent out, and every one was invited, far and near.

Should Lilia be at this ball? The ladies at once decided in the negative. The Marchion-

ess said drily, that, at all events, she was too young—besides, that it was cruel and improper, to give a poor young creature, circumstanced as she was, a taste for pleasures not belonging to her situation. The young ladies all declared it would be absurd to think of such a thing—besides that, she had no dress suitable for the occasion—a full dress ball it was to be—and Lilia was allowed to wear nothing but white muslin frocks.

Poor Lilia had depended upon this pleasure, as her cousins of the same age were to be allowed to appear. Mrs. Cartwright, who, with all her gravity, was the advocate of every innocent enjoyment, and who hated to see a cloud upon a countenance that she loved, was quite disconcerted.

"My dear Mrs. Cartwright," said Lord St. Germains, "what is the matter? *Your Serenity*," for so he would call her in play, "appears this morning in that extraordinary state for you—quite out of humour."

"And, indeed, so I am, my Lord.—Poor little Lilia!—they do not mean to let her appear at this ball."

"And why not?"

"Oh, there are abundance of reasons, if that would do any good; but not one of them contents me, much less the sweet thing herself, whose little heart has been in a flutter of expectation. Ever since she heard Lady Mary, who is one year younger than herself, was to be there, she took it for granted she should appear also—but it is decided otherwise—and, poor little girl, she is terribly disappointed. She is but a shabby philosopher, my Lord, in spite of all your excellent teaching."

"Alas, sweet Lilia! her heart beats too fast and too warmly for my discipline.—I think she would not much mind the amusement, but she will feel the slight keenly—This must not be."

"What must be done? Will *you* speak—

will Jove descend and interfere? I have said all I could venture upon."

"To be sure I will, if it be necessary, rather than my little girl should suffer a cutting mortification. I will go directly and speak to the Marchioness about it."

He went immediately.

"I am come, madam, as usual, with a petition."

"Every petition of your's, Lord St. Germains, is granted, before it is even made."

"'Tis for Lilia."

"Oh, you are excessively indulgent to the poor girl—but what now?"

"This ball! Is it not a pity to deprive her of the pleasure of dancing at it?"

"I think she would be very much out of her place there—and that it is time she should be taught the difference between herself and *my* daughters—a difference perhaps too long forgotten. I think this a good occasion for making her feel it."

"Alas! poor little Lilia, she must feel that early enough—may we not safely leave it to an ill-natured world to instruct her, without taking upon ourselves the odium of the lesson?"

"I think not—it is, in my opinion, the kinder part, to educate young women in her circumstances, in habits of humility."

"But this one ball, my dear madam—Indulge me—she is still a mere child: spare her the disappointment of being left out; she is too young yet to bear it."

"I very much disapprove of her appearing in a place so unfitted for her."

"I am truly sorry to persist, after hearing you say so; but out of indulgence to *me*, consent this once to act against your judgment. I must entreat that Lilia may appear."

"As usual, my Lord, your will is to be *my* law—do as you please. I hold myself absolved from all the consequences of a mode of breeding her up which I never have, nor ever can approve."

With this ungracious permission St. Germains was forced to be contented: "I am as weak as an old doating grandfather," said he to me. "I absolutely cannot bear to disappoint the child; I want resolution to see that innocent and affectionate countenance clouded in the slightest degree."

I hinted that she might meet with mortifications at the assembly, being the object of so much ill-will.

"I have thought of that," said he, "and I mean to go myself. It will be the first thing of the kind at which I was ever present; but I must learn to conquer this weakness of mine. I shall make the very best of my appearance, and walk about and take care that nobody affronts my little girl—for with the gentleness of the lamb, she has an indignant spirit, and will fire up at insolence—I am very much afraid."

"Oh you dear, sweet St. Germains!" said Lilia in raptures at the boon he had obtained,

and too young and too heedless to dwell upon the mortification of its having been at first refused. "What a charming, charming, wise man you are! to mind my folly so much; but indeed, indeed, Mr. Wilson, I did think—when I should hear the band, and perhaps the very footsteps of the dancers, and be moping about all by myself—that it would quite, quite drive me melancholy mad — Poor little Lilia! I sometimes think, what a desolate creature you are; but then I remember St. Germains, and I feel safe: oh, you are the dearest, most delightful St. Germains that ever has existed, for the thousands and thousands of years, that they tell me there have been St. Germains in this old castle."

The Marchioness and the young ladies were, however, in excessive ill humour at their defeat. No preparations were made for Lilia's toilette—a plain white muslin frock was all she was to be allowed to wear; and when Mrs. Cartwright remonstrated with the young ladies'

maids, she was told that it was the positive order of Lady Brandon that a muslin frock was what Miss Lilia was to have, "in order to teach her to know her place."

"In order to make her feel like the dependant she is," said Mrs. Cartwright, quite angry again, to Lord St. Germains.

"Never mind, my dear Mrs. Cartwright, there is a remedy for that; we will take means to make the muslin frock appear rather a measure of taste, than a mark of caste: you cannot deny that with a few roses in her hair, our little girl will look very pretty.

The eventful day arrived, and Lilia came down to Lord St. Germains' drawing-room, to join Mrs. Cartwright, who had promised to go with her to the ball-rooms. I was there. She entered fluttering, and blushing, and laughing; her colour and eyes still brighter than ever; her hair seemed more glossy, more wavy, more rich—a few crimson roses were in it; her dress, of the

purest white, adorned with a profusion of falling lace, set off the charming contour of her figure. Her little foot glanced in its shoe of satin, as she stepped with the lightness of a fairy over the carpet, smiling at her own hurry.

"And now the night *is* come. I am so silly, I don't quite like it so much. I feel so shy, and so afraid; but there will be a great many people, and I shall not be much seen. Oh, Mr. Wilson, have you been in the ball-room: is it not beautiful? I stole down to see it. Shall I do, dear Mrs. Cartwright?"—figuring gaily before her. "Shall I do, St. Germains?" he was gazing at her with an expression I had never seen before—his colour went and came.

"Very nicely indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Cartwright fondly.

"Shall I do, I say, St. Germains? Why don't you speak; something is wrong in me, I am sure," rather anxiously.

"Do!" said he, starting. "Do?"—....

"What do you mean?—How you look!"

"Oh, forgive me, Lilia,"—....rousing himself; "you want something to complete your dress, for this splendid occasion."

"Ah, yes, I want a thousand things," said she laughing: "a diamond necklace, for instance."

"Such as this?" said he, opening an etui which was in his hand; and taking out a simple chain of diamonds, to which was suspended a locket small, but set with jewels of very great value.

"Will this do, Lilia? to hold your dear Mrs. Cartwright's hair, and to remind you of one who only lives to see you happy?"

"Oh, St. Germains, this for *me*—it is not fit for me: did you?——," and her sweet eyes, literally swimming with feeling, were lifted to his face. "Did you?—were you so kind? with all your wisdom, and all your philosophy, and all your contempt for show and grandeur, to think of my dress, and my appearance, and the vanities of this foolish, foolish heart?"

She took the diamonds he presented, and kissed them, and one tear, bright as the gems she held, fell upon her hand.

" 'Tis not the diamonds—Oh, no—no—it is your goodness, and your kindness, and your consideration. I understand it all; but, indeed, these are too good for me!"

" No, my dearest Lilia, nothing is too good for you. It is the first present I ever made you; keep them for my sake."

" Is your hair there?" asked she.

" No, my dear!"

" Then let me have some—let me have the hair of my two only friends together;" her scissars were out in a moment. Mrs. Cartwright severed from Lord St. Germains' head one of his beautiful ebon curls, it was placed with her own silvered sable among the diamonds; she then clasped the necklace round Lilia's neck.

All had been moved by this little scene. When Lilia began to smile as usual again, Lord

St. Germains said it must be time to go into the drawing-room. He took my arm—Lilia hung upon that of Mrs. Cartwright.

We found the Marchioness and her daughters sitting at the head of the long suite of apartments. None of the company had yet arrived; Lord Louis, who had come down from London just in time to dress, was with them, chattering an exuberance of nonsense, to a young French lady—a sort of companion to the Ladies Brandon, the most affected coquette it ever was my fortune to behold.

The Marchioness quite started, when she saw St. Germains. She turned pale, and looked like one who had received a sudden shock; but she came forward, and thanked him graciously for the unexpected pleasure of his presence. Lord Louis turned his face from the French lady, and, seeing his brother, came up with his usual animation, shook hands heartily, and expressed his pleasure at seeing

him looking so well. My turn came next; then it was:—

"Ah, Mrs. Cartwright, are you really, too, come down from the hermitage; and are you become one of the wicked, like the rest of us?"

"I hope not one of the wicked," said she, "I merely came to conduct Miss de V——and to pay my devoirs."

"Oh, Lilia! I missed you, but they told me you were coming." As he spoke, his eye glanced rapidly towards her. "Is this Lilia? why I left you the most darling little romp in the universe; and I find you—no matter—no matter—will you dance the two first dances with me?"

Lilia blushed, and looked pleased—I believe she had not felt very sure that any one would ask her.

"If you please."

"If *I please?*"—looking at her with the most radiant expression,—"then you are not engaged, and you will."

Lilia moved forward to her cousins.

"Oh, St. Germains! what an exquisite creature she is become! what a lovely, bewitching girl! what a change in one short year —how different from my sisters! how graceful! how winning! how arch! how soft! only look at her!"

And he was following her in a moment, and at her side, talking to her in the most animated manner. She was laughing, and seemed to be coquetting with him—an innocent coquetry I mean—quite innocent—a little more gaiety, and still more softness, even than usual, in her looks and attitudes.

I heard Lord St. Germains sigh.

The room now began to fill with company, and I was soon separated by the crowd from the family party.

When the quadrilles began, I again saw Lilia. She was dancing with Lord Louis, with equal grace and animation, and certainly made a most distinguished figure, in her white dress

and the brilliant necklace which adorned it. Her dancing was exquisite, and her beauty excited the admiration of the whole room. Every one was crowding round the Marchioness, enquiring who Miss De V—— was. The Marchioness was in a wretched humour; for, while Miss De V—— was attracting all the attention from her own daughters, she had the mortification to see Lord Louis completely eclipsed by his elder brother. Lord St. Germains, on this his first public appearance, if it may be so called, was greeted by the whole neighbourhood, with equal respect and pleasure. Every one seemed desirous to pay court and attention to a man, who, though little seen, had made himself, by this time, pretty well known by his actions.

Lord Louis, for the first time in his life, now found his just level, and, instead of being treated as had hitherto been the case, as the heir apparent of the titles and possessions of his house, he sank at once into the insignificant

place of a younger brother.—As for him, he cared little about it, and, with his usual thoughtlessness, devoted himself to Lilia—equally disregarding his mother's mortification, and what was due at such a moment to the world in general. The Marchioness therefore looked very cross, and, turning to St. Germains, said:—

"I wish, Lord St. Germains, it were possible to divert Louis from this nonsensical trifling with Lilia, and make him attend to others.—Will you be good enough to speak to him?"

Lord St. Germains had been talking to a knot of gentlemen; but at this he turned—his eye glanced hastily towards his brother—Lord Louis was whispering—Lilia was blushing, scarlet. I saw it all, as I thought, in a moment. St. Germains turned quite white; but he took my arm, and said:

"Let us do as she says."

We went up to them.

"Louis," said St. Germains, "your mother wishes you to disperse your attentions a little more, and not limit them to those of your own family."

"Upon my honour, I *am* behaving like a bear—I'll go and ask the Lady Carltons to dance, shall I? Lilia—mind you dance the supper dances with me."——

"You had better not," said Lord St. Germains. "His attentions may be wanted elsewhere."

"She had better *so*—for I engaged her—I will go now, and do my duty; but nothing on earth shall prevent me dancing those dances with her—mind, Lilia!"——

"Oh, to be sure," said Lady Geraldine, who stood by. "*Mind,* Lilia—don't let the crowd, who will be pressing for the honour, lead you to break your promise—break it to *better* advantage, my dear," with a sneer.

"Lilia," said Lord St. Germains, "don't

dance the supper dances with Louis—he is in one of his thoughtless humours to-night—we must remember the claims of others."—And he walked away.

"*Now*," said Lady Geraldine, "you'll not dance with Louis, I'll engage—no, no—we understand our own interests, with all our innocent looks—we have begun with *diamonds*—the next lead shall be in *hearts*—we are not such very good children for nothing, it seems! —Virtue is its own reward.—Mind your good guardian, child—and it shall have something still better next time—who knows!"

Lilia's cheeks were all on fire at this speech —she stood quite still, however, and answered nothing—she seemed reflecting upon something which had struck her for the first time—presently she, too, moved away.

I saw Lady Geraldine and the sisters addressing her, in a sneering way, as I thought, once or twice — and, to my surprise, most certainly the supper dances were danced with

Lord Louis, and by his side at supper she sat —and he, as if in defiance, was paying her every sort of attention, which she seemed to me to receive with a conscious shyness that she endeavoured vainly to throw off.

I saw Lord St. Germains—for he did not sit down to supper, not having danced—standing in one corner of the room; he was looking at them with a countenance in which anxiety and distress were so strongly painted, that I was afraid it might be observed—I went up to him, and touched his elbow.

"My Lord, pray excuse me—but the eyes of fifty gossips may be upon you."

"Thank you, Mr. Wilson; it is very kind in you, to take an interest in one so utterly and irremediably miserable—so lost—so lost!"

I was quite shocked!—he who was usually so calm.

"This is no time for explanation—wretch that I am! I have discovered the secret of my heart in the moment of its bitterest despair—

take no notice—I want courage to fly—I want strength to remain—miserable that I am—I hate and abhor my brother—yes—" as his eyes once more turned to Lord Louis, in all his glorious beauty of countenance, literally speaking with his eyes to Lilia, whose averted face, and dropping lids concealed from us the expression of her features.—" I envy him, and I hate him—I am become detestable to myself, and contemptible to all the world —. . . .little! little! did I anticipate the snare I was weaving for my soul—I thought, till this moment, that it was as a father,—as a brother, that I doated . . . .Alas! alas!—it was with a passion for ever forbidden to me!"

He paused, for they began to rise from the table, and the loud music of the band once more called together the giddy dancers. Lord Louis and Lilia passed close by us, he had hold of her hand, she did not now withdraw it.

" Lilia!"—. . . .said St. Germains, timidly,

She looked up in his face, with a wistful,

uncertain expression; but Lady Isabella followed, and as soon as she heard her voice, she turned to Lord Louis, and began bantering and laughing, with a freedom far from pleasing, and so they went away.—. . . .

At the end of the evening, I saw this beautiful young creature, weary, jaded, and pale, preparing to leave the room.

"Good night," said she, "Mr. Wilson," very sweetly, but with a melancholy voice.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself, Miss De V——," I said rather drily.

"Oh, yes, a charming evening!"

"I fear Lord St. Germains will be tired," added I.

"Do you think so? Oh, I hope not! he fancies himself weaker than he is."

This from you, thought I, and so soon!—I turned away, thoroughly disgusted—. . . .

"It was such an evening," said Judy, who, in crimson satin, trimmed with huge beads, her flaxen wig surmounted by a large turban,

had taken part in its festivity—"Every thing so splendid, and so well appointed—and the Marchioness looking the picture of happiness, with her lovely family around her—and those very sweet young Ladies Brandon, in those lovely pink dresses; but I cannot think where Miss Lilia got that diamond necklace, if they *were* diamonds—and surely it was very bad taste to put it on her—it looked quite preposterous, I must say; and I heard, indeed, the young Ladies Brandon say as much, that diamonds on such a child were quite out of place; and that it was very ridiculous of Lord St. Germains to allow her to wear them—Poor creature, without one farthing—they seemed quite vexed about it, and they were very right. And for my part, I could not help being sorry when I saw Lord Louis, to think he would never be Marquis of Brandon—such a fine young man! And poor Lord St. Germains, he looked mighty well for *him*, to be sure, and is really wonderful, considering; but *he* to be the

heir; it certainly is a very great pity, and must vex poor Lady Brandon most extremely."

"I should not wonder if it did," said I.

Never did scene of festivity produce such disastrous consequences as this unlucky ball.

To begin with the Marchioness herself. It was but too true what Judy said; the idea that Lord Louis, her adored, idolized son, would never be any thing but a mere younger brother, did vex her most bitterly.

The appearance of Lord St. Germains in public, as the acknowledged head of his family, had given as it were, the lie, to all her ambitious hopes, and opened her eyes to the fallacy of that expectation which she had so long obstinately cherished, that the poor deformed boy would never live to obscure his brother's prospects. When he appeared however acting, moving, and speaking, just like the rest—the instant conviction struck her, that his life was just, to use a business expression, as *good.*

The conduct of Lord Louis had increased her mortification. He, for whom she had laboured with such cutting anxieties, had taken his proper place, as easily, and as good-humouredly, as if no other destiny had ever been anticipated for him; and, absorbed by a foolish admiration for Lilia, had devoted to her all his attention, all the flower of his extreme personal beauty and lively talents, on this his first public appearance in his native county.

To these causes of vexation were added others still more pressing. The excessive and wanton extravagance with which the establishment of the family was kept up, had already rendered the Marquis somewhat of an embarrassed man; to this must now be added the weight to Lord Louis's debts. He had lavishly spent, but he had done more—he had played. Educated to deny himself no indulgence, and already smitten with that feeling of satiety, which drives the man of pleasure to vice; he had played—he had played high, and

his mother, the confidante of all his distresses, was haunted by the perplexity of having debts to discharge, of which the apparent health of Lord St. Germains shewed her the impropriety. Even *she* could not help feeling that, as a second son, Lord Louis had been indulged too far. Still her haughty spirit revolted from acquiescing in what her reason told her was a just view of the subject; she flattered herself that, at least, it was impossible, or highly improbable, that St. Germains should ever marry —and lulled her uneasiness, as well as she could, with this flattering unction.

The Marchioness had been made unhappy by the events of the evening—but *she* had been unhappy before. Its baleful effects were more discernible on one, hitherto blessed with the peace and tranquillity of a virtuous and well-regulated spirit—on one, whose tranquillity and peace that evening utterly destroyed. Lord St. Germains, awakened suddenly from his dream of happiness, and made

aware of the fatal secret of his heart, abandoned himself at first to a grief and despair, quite terrible in one hitherto so self-governed.

I was a sorrowing witness of some of those bursts of uncontrollable feeling to which he became a prey.

"Oh, Wilson! what a change! what a fatal discovery! my Lilia! my sweet innocent —how little did we either of us imagine that the monster to whom you had tendered, in spite of his deformity, your sweet, guileless affection, could nourish in his heart a passion that would render him for ever odious and detestable in your eyes; I who, even as a son and a brother, have found myself loathsome and hateful, to dare to cast a wish that way.— All, all is over; my happiness!—but that is a trifle—my life, the very spring of action, is stopped—a heavy curse is upon me—I cannot —no, it is in vain—I cannot recover that blessed ignorance with which I delighted myself in her sunny smiles—her celestial, her

adorable beauty. Now all is become poison for me; when she comes before me, my very heart aches with her sweetness,—her softness —all her thousand, thousand enchantments, till breath and sense seem leaving me.—Would to God they had left me, and for ever."

"Alas, my Lord!" I said, "do not abandon yourself to this frightful despondency. Be more just to your own merits. Why should not you too endeavour to win—as thousands of others have done before you; consider the many advantages you enjoy!"

"Don't speak of them, Wilson—don't tempt me with the cruel thought. Yes, there *are* moments when I feel I could buy her—when I could try to persuade her to barter her loveliness to my doating self, for gold—Horrible temptation! never, never;—gratitude might do much; ambition and vanity might do something—she is not quite an angel—But God forbid—God forbid. Oh, Louis! Louis! how

I envy you!—But do you think she loves him, Wilson?"

I could not tell the truth—I said, I thought not. He seemed relieved.

"I am spared that pain—I thank God.—She is but sixteen—time enough for her to begin the dreadful dream of passion—Yet a few years, if this wretched heart would have allowed—I might have still owned her as mine, and satisfied the affections of her innocent nature—Time enough to have died, when the light had been for ever extinguished; but now even this is denied me—these few years of peace are forbidden— .... my torments have begun before their time."

I have said that I dared not hint to Lord St. Germains that Lilia loved Lord Louis; but what could I think?—From the evening of that fatal ball she too had been entirely changed; clouds hung upon that once serene and open brow—her eyes would suddenly fill with tears, which she strove impatiently to hide, and often

have I caught her wandering in the woods by herself, the very picture of melancholy despondency.—Was this love?—and was it the love of Lord Louis?

He had remained but three days at the castle, and, during those three days, she had been the object of his open admiration and most pointed attention. He swore to his sisters that she was the most beautiful and enchanting being that the world contained,—that they did not approach her by thousands of leagues—and that her softness and melancholy were more attractive, than all her sportive graces had been—in short, his raptures were as extravagant as they were undisguised; indeed they were so thoroughly undisguised, that even the Marchioness, to whom it might have been expected they would have occasioned some uneasiness, was quite indifferent upon the subject. She simply offered no opposition when he proposed returning to town, vowing that the intolerable old castle was only fit for

the antediluvians, or, the same thing, his ancestors at the time of the Roses.

He left us therefore at the end of about three days; and after he was gone, the depression of Lilia certainly increased, so as to be remarkable to every one. Her manner, too, to Lord St. Germains was altered—a shyness, a constraint had succeeded to her former artless familiarity. She never now went up to his chair with a caressing, almost fond, manner, to shew him her flowers, her drawings, her birds, to make him laugh at her nonsense, or sympathise in her admiration of some exquisite passage in her book. She was little, indeed, in his room, less with Mrs. Cartwright, and much with the young ladies. Was it that she had instinctively discovered his feelings, and that, in spite of her better self, they filled her with disgust? Was it that her partiality for the other brother attracted her to the society of his sisters? The first, was

the interpretation that Lord St. Germains put upon it, and it completed his distress.

" I am betrayed," said he to me. " I have betrayed myself, and the sweet thing flies me with disgust and terror—How should she otherwise, poor little creature? She is driven from her last asylum by a horrible monster, that terrifies her young imagination like a strange vision.—Oh, my Lilia! my lovely ! lovely Lilia! why cannot I be your brother and your guardian still?—But no, she has learned to detest me—she fears me—she hates me—she, who once sought all her joy and happiness in my presence—.... My selfish passion has deserved such a return."

Thoughts like these fastened on his mind. In vain he strove to master them, and made heroic efforts to conquer his sensibilities. The struggle was too mighty for his delicate frame, and, with anguish, I saw the foundations of being about to give way—a disease more painful, more hopeless than that of his mother had fas-

tened upon his frame, and was rapidly consuming the springs of life, the disease of hopeless love in all its bitterness, aggravated by the perpetual presence of its object.—Such a situation, happily for human nature, is a rare incident in life, many circumstances must combine to produce it, they were all united here.

I saw his cheek grow paler and paler, his eyes acquire a ghastly brightness, while his voice lost its clear and sweet intonation, and broke hollow on the ear. I watched these symptoms with an aching heart, I told him of his danger, I conjured him to let me try what could be done.—

" Not for the universe," was his reply.—" I will not even *attempt* to succeed, where success must prove a curse to *her*.—Shall I take advantage of her youth, her inexperience, and wed her to this hateful mass, this heap of miserable infirmity?—She could not even know herself how detestable I might become to her. No, no, let me be, my good friend, I shall recover —or I shall not, 'tis no great matter."—

Did Lilia perceive all this?—The time had been when so rapid a decay would have called forth the sweetest attentions, the most lively expressions of anxiety. Now all was changed. She would indeed start forward, as in former times, to move a footstool, or to place a pillow, but then, shrinking back, would leave the kind office unperformed. He noticed to me this decline in her attentions, with a sigh; "and yet," added he, "it is better as it is."—I had observed him indeed once or twice gently repulse her, as she attempted to perform some of these little personal services.

"*Vous me faites mal, Lilia,*" would he say, "leave it, my dear, to Mrs. Cartwright."

Then she would retreat, colour like crimson, after a little while, make an excuse to leave the room, and not, perhaps, return for the whole evening. He would sigh, turn over his books, ask for his pencils, and then beg Mrs. Cartwright to play a game at chess, making apologies for his dulness and inattention.

Between this lady and myself no confidence was exchanged. The deep gravity which hung over her countenance alone betrayed her conviction that all the prayers of his mother, all her own efforts, had been vain, and that he was perishing, the miserable victim of that passion, from whose power they had so fondly hoped to shield him.

It is difficult to conceive circumstances better calculated to increase his fatal disorder than those under which Lord St. Germains found himself, or to imagine the extent to which Lilia had become necessary to his happiness. Mortified in all his affections, with a heart formed for tenderness, ever since she had entered the family and attached herself spontaneously to him, a new spring of life had appeared to animate his existence. Gratified by the devotion of the warm-hearted little child, his disappointed heart had adopted her as his own, and in protecting her happiness, and providing for her instruction and improvement,

he had found a delightful interest for his lonely hours, while her gaiety and her petulance, the lively spirit discernible in every thing she said and did, sweetened and cheered his once melancholy existance. As elder brother and as little sister, how perfectly happy they had been! His improved health, his animated looks, his life of cheerful action, bore testimony to his felicity. But now all this was over, a passion the most intense, long nourished unknown to himself, had been manifested by the bitter pangs of jealousy; and, bursting at once upon his astonished soul, had reversed every circumstance of his condition. She whom he had guided and controlled as a sister, as a mistress, only inspired him with feelings of fear and of humiliation. The innocent affection he had been proud to display, and she to receive, had been exchanged for a sentiment which he believed, if known, would inspire her with horror, and cover him with derision in the eyes of the world. Her very presence became a source of

anguish — though when she was absent he seemed scarcely to breathe.

It was plain to me that the life of Lord St. Germains was threatened with a rapid decline.

What the Marchioness thought, I do not pretend to say ; but I never saw so great a change in any human being—She seemed as it were, to breathe again, her countenance resumed its colour—her step is elasticity—all the restless anxiety that had darkened her brow disappeared. She lavished expressions of interest upon the situation of Lord St. Germains—enquired after his progress with the greatest anxiety—and omitted no mark of affectionate attention, in short, she played the part of tender mother to perfection.

" She is truly angelic," said Judy, " I think it is quite affecting to see her, she came down herself to-day to speak to me about the asses' milk —Mr. Dean has an ass, as I told you, brother."

" My dear Judy, you need not tell me, Lord St. Germains won't drink asses' milk."

" Oh! how can you say so!—The Marchioness said to me so condescendingly, and in her sweet manner, ' It is the *very* and the only thing for him, don't you think so, Miss Wilson? —I am excessively concerned about him,' said she, ' and I think of writing to his father, he is in very great danger, does not Mr. Wilson think so?'—I said I did not know what *you* thought, but for my part I knew he must die; then the tear came into her eye, and she said —' What a loss he would be to his family—and to the neighbourhood, and to herself in particular, for you know,' says she, ' he has shewn me more than the duty of a son, and I have loved him with more than the affection of a mother:'—how generous of her!—when all the time, poor creature, he has been keeping her own beautiful son out of the estate!"

" I wish to God, Judy," said I, out of all patience at last, " you would make an end of this everlasting theme. What do you mean by keeping him out of an estate which never

was *his*, and if there be power in medicine never *shall* be?"—....

I went up that night again to the castle. Lord St. Germains was very ill;—he was grown so feeble that he could scarcely walk across the room; he was, for the first time I had ever seen him, in tears; he was reading a little torn book when I entered, he put it hastily behind the cushion of his chair, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"You are not so well this evening, I fear," said I.

"Not worse, not worse, but moved—melted—cut to the soul. What is there about you, Wilson, that I confess to you every thing—weaknesses that would disgrace a child?—Is all of manhood utterly lost?—...You will wonder," after a pause, "what has thus touched me. It is one of *her* books, I recollect giving it to her when she was quite a little child; it has been read and re-read, and is now all torn and tattered—so like her, little careless thing, I never read the story before, it is very pathetic."

He took the book and showed me the title. It was the little fairy tale of *Zemire and Azor*, or of the Beauty and the Beast.

"Ah! if those days could return! and I—under the mask of my deformity, were sensible that I concealed the power to charm and to delight, how would I too humble myself to implore, and to kneel, and to sue, like the subject of that touching tale.—Alas! alas! my tortures at times exceed my strength."—

He was much agitated, and his frame shook under the struggle to repress his emotion; after a time nature sank, and he fell back in an uneasy slumber; his hand hung listlessly over the arm of his chair—he looked the picture of extenuation.—I was hidden by one of the deep windows, and watched him, my heart torn with grief and regret, when the door slowly opened, and Lilia glided into the room. She had a bunch of roses in her hand, they were the first specimens of some plants Lord St. Germains had procured for her from Nor-

mandy.—She came softly forward—and, perceiving he was asleep, and imagining him to be alone, she laid the roses beside his book, and then stood long gazing upon him. I could not see her countenance, but I did see her sink upon her knees, and imprint one rapid kiss upon the pale and wasted hand which hung suspended—He moved,—she started, and suddenly left the room.

I was struck with her flushed face, but attributed it to the heat of the weather.

I staid all that night by Lord St. Germains. I did not tell him what I had seen, thinking it best not to agitate him either by pleasure or by pain.

The next day I was forced to announce in form to the Marchioness that I thought him in very great danger, and almost despaired of his life. She received this intelligence in her boudoir.

A vast heap of bills were lying before her, and a letter from Lord Louis—it contained, as I afterwards learned, an account of his em-

barrassments, of his large debts, and of the impossibility of his making head against them. He, who had literally nothing, either in possession or in expectation. — He expressed his apprehensions that he must quit the kingdom.

She looked up anxiously from her employment as I entered the room. I never saw a countenance in which mortification, harass, perplexity, were more visibly expressed.

" Well, Mr. Wilson, to what am I indebted for this visit ?"

" Madam, I am the unwilling bearer of very painful intelligence."

" What ! — what !" — with a faint cry, " what more !—my son!—Lord Louis——"

" Madam, is well, for anything I know to the contrary : but Lord St. Germains—"

" Oh ! what of him ?"—peevishly.

" He is very ill."

" Oh ! as usual, I suppose, — one of his tiresome lingering attacks, which render him

a burden to himself——" and *to others*, I mentally added for her.

" I am afraid, madam, he is worse than usual—worse than I have ever seen him."

" You don't say so—What's the matter?"

" A more general decline of the powers of life, than I have ever before witnessed, I think it right to make your Ladyship acquainted with the truth—Will it be impertinent to add that I think the Marquis his father, should be informed that his life is in danger?—A few months, perhaps a few weeks, perhaps a few days—may end it," said I in a broken voice, for his mother was then before me; and I imagined I saw the anguish she would have felt, painted on her gentle countenance.

The Marchioness heard me in perfect silence—Her eyes were bent on the papers before her, then gradually the clouds rolled away from her anxious countenance, and with a sigh, or rather a deep drawing of her breath, like one relieved from an intolerable burden,

she began slowly to re-fold the papers before her, and, having put them carefully into her writing-desk, she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and, turning to me with as much concern in her face as she could throw over it, she said,

"This is very afflicting news, Mr. Wilson, and will grieve us all deeply; I will write to my Lord."—

I made my bow, and withdrew.

Three days after, the Marquis arrived. His son was by this time worse, but at the sight of his father, he seemed to rally a little: at least the unaffected grief which the Marquis testified at his situation, roused his interest, and softened the bitterness of his feelings.

"I had not thought that I had made any part of my father's happiness, such a constant source of mortification as I must have been to him; I feel grateful for such an affection, and would fain live a little longer to shew my sense of it, but it will not be."

The apartments of Lord St. Germains, now that his life was despaired of, were crowded by his friends. His step-mother, his sisters, even the French governesses, were busy proffering their attentions. He received them all with patience, and even with a sort of gratitude, but found little in them of consolation. As for Lilia, she appeared lost in the bustle, overlooked by every one, rarely addressed even by St. Germains. She moped about, looking wretched, when no one appeared to observe her; but preserving, in public, her spirits in a wonderful manner.

I was astonished that no one surmised the cause of Lord St. Germains' illness. I could not be sure of Lilia, but the others never appeared to suspect it in the slightest degree;—so blind are we to what lies directly before us. They had probably never read the story of Antiochus. I had, and I saw the symptoms described by the historian all represented in this unfortunate young man. Lilia never

entered the room, but the crimson mounted to his temples; and it was evident his heart beat 'till he could scarcely breathe. His voice faltered when she approached him, and was almost inarticulate when he addressed her. Though when she spoke, he would often seem to turn away inattentive or indifferent; Lilia came less and less into his room, at last she did not come for a whole day.

The next evening I was called to see her. She was ill, very ill, and in bed. A neglected cold had generated a pleurisy, she was soon in imminent danger.—

I have said, that I had been much estranged from this lovely young creature: unjustly, I own. Was she to blame that she preferred one brother to the other?" Was she to blame that she shrunk from a passion she could never return? I had, indeed, been unjust but I could be so no longer. Her softness, her patience, her gentleness, her piety on her sick and lonely bed, were worthy of her teacher.

He had made this sweet and playful girl, a being of magnanimity and power, a being worthy of himself. Oh! how I grieved over his misfortune, as I witnessed every hour fresh proofs of excellence, which justified his idolatry and his despair. She never once mentioned him to me, or to Mrs. Cartwright, who was her constant friend and nurse, and devoted herself to her as much as was possible, consistently with the attentions necessary to Lord St. Germains; and to conceal from him the secret, which, without exchanging confidence, we tacitly agreed to do, persuaded that to hear of it would have killed him at once.—

Poor lovely Lilia, she grew worse and worse; with her too, anguish of mind appeared to add poignancy to physical suffering. I despaired of her, and my heart bled over the young creature, whose blossom had been so suddenly and unexpectedly blighted. I visited her day and night, and

watched her like a child of my own, but my skill was unavailing, she appeared to me to be sinking.

One evening I was sitting in her room, the hour I shall never forget — the moon was rising with calm solemn brightness, on a clear, still night, over the distant woods; the fall of waters, the song of one solitary nightingale were the only sounds heard. The moonbeams fell on the massy stone frame-work of the antique window now half opened, and thence in large bright masses on the bed and floor; I thought she slept, and, fearful the light might disturb her, rose softly to let down the curtain.

I found she was awake and leaning on her arm—gazing with her large effulgent eyes upon the landscape; while one or two big tears stood upon her cheeks—Something was in her hand which was pressed closely to her heart— she heard me move—and looked up at me wistfully,—hesitatingly:—

"Mr. Wilson, it is a hard question for one so young: must I die?"

"I trust not, my dear young lady."

"But am I likely to die? Am I in danger? I feel very, very weak. And then—" and the tears rolled rapidly down—"And then I am *so* unhappy."

"You so unhappy! sweet Miss De V——, what can make you so unhappy?"

"Are we quite alone?"

"Quite."

"Then I will do it now, while I have breath. Pray come near me, dear Mr. Wilson."

I approached, and sat down by the bed side.

She opened the hand that had been pressed to her heart.

"You remember it?"— . . . . . said she.

It was the diamond locket with Lord St. Germains' hair.

"You were there, when it was given to me

on that fatal, fatal night. Oh, Mr. Wilson, why was he so good?—why was he so kind? and all to...."

"To what, my dear young lady?"

"To make me so wretched—so wretched."

"My dear Miss De V——, what should have made *you* so wretched?"

"Alas! alas!" and her cheeks—temples—very hands, were dyed with a sudden crimson. "Did you not see it? They told me all the world did see it—would see it, and that I was degraded for ever in *his* eyes. But now I am going to die; now, at least, I may tell him, without suspicion of mean, hateful interested views. Oh, how little they knew me! I may tell him, on my death-bed, how I honoured him—how I blessed him—how I prayed for him—how I thanked him—how I.... Oh, Mr. Wilson, you are good and gentle, like himself, and I am not afraid—don't tell him that his unkindness has cut me to the soul—don't tell him how bitterly I repented that *one*

act of disobedience—don't tell him all that his cruel, cruel sisters said; but when I am gone, give it to him—this locket I mean— .... let me hold it in my hand till I die, and place this lock of his own hair— .... the last indulgence he ever granted me, was to cut it from his head,—lay it with me in my coffin—that is—that is—if it is not wrong"— ....

"He!—whom do you speak of?—Lord Louis? You surely wander."

"Lord Louis? what do you mean? Ah, he has been kind too; but I am not thinking of *him* on my *death bed.*"

I was struck dumb. Was it possible? was she ignorant of the passion she had inspired? Were her young affections still his in all their first purity— .... But what if she were made aware of the nature of his feelings; would disgust and dislike take their place? And, alas! alas! was it not all too late for both?

I was for a moment or two silent and ruminating. When I looked again, the colour had

faded to a deadly pale. Shame and grief were painted on her countenance.

"Alas even *you*," she said, with a tone of tender reproach, "even *you* despise me. Oh! that I had carried my secret with me to my grave. Yet to leave him without one word of explanation, without one word of gratitude; after all my neglects, and after all my coldness."

"My dearest, dearest young lady, for Heaven's sake, for *his* sake be comforted; take this draught—save yourself—save yourself for him."

"Alas, no! he loves his poor Lilia no longer. I was very wrong to disobey him; very, very wrong; but they sneered so at me. I could not—I dared not. Oh, I was very weak; and he has turned off his little Lilia, and he loves her no more."

"Ah Miss De V——, if you knew how well!—too well for his own peace."

She coloured again like a rose, her eyes fell—

"Ah, Lilia, is it possible that your gratitude, that your affection, can stand the test? Is it possible, Miss De V——, that you have not seen, what he is dying in agony to overcome?"

"Is it then as his sisters said—he does not wish to disgrace himself?" said she in a hollow tone.

"Disgrace himself! what can you mean?"

She was much confused, and stammered out—

"I mean—they said—oh, Mr. Wilson!" and the ingenuous frankness of her childhood shone once more upon her brow. "They made me ashamed—his sisters I mean,—of my affection—of my regard; they told me it would disgrace him in the eyes of the whole world, if he thought of me for a moment: and for me—oh, the horrible, horrible accusation,—that I honoured him for his wealth, and flattered him for his gifts, and would sell myself for his gold!"

The idea of him, as a lover, *had* then been presented. It certainly was not that suspicion which caused this estrangement. A flattering sweet hope rose in my heart.

Had I been the lover himself, I vow, I could not have been more interested.

"But there would not be a shadow of degradation in Lord St. Germains thinking of you, my dear Miss De V——. Your family is as good as his own; and, were it not, is he the man to regard such absurdities? Alas, if no other obstacle presented itself, he might yet be blessed—he might yet live."

"Live!" repeated she. "Oh, Mr. Wilson, tell me—tell me! is it—can it?" She suddenly covered her face in her pillow.

"My dear Miss De V——, is it possible that you have not seen—may he—dare he plead for himself, and ask your affection in the name of a dearer sentiment than gratitude—than regard? May I tell him—can you give him hope?"

"Tell him nothing—he would despise me! No—no! let my secret die with me—let him not scorn my folly and my weakness."

This was enough. I read in her ingenuous confusion, in her radiant eyes, in her endeavours to hide the smiles that stole to the corners of that lovely mouth, the happiness of my friend. I could have kneeled down, and thanked heaven aloud. But then the thought of their mutual danger, the dread that the boon came too late, agitated me to a distraction that was quite unworthy of my temper and years.

Having explained as softly as I could to Miss De V—— the situation of Lord St. Germains, and added the assurance that what I had to tell him would call him back even from the very gates of death; I entreated her for his sake to endeavour to compose herself. She took the draught I gave her, and, with the docility and confidence of a happy child, laid

her head upon her pillow, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

As she slumbered, I seemed to see health visibly returning to her countenance.—Quiet and rest I now believed would save her. I never moved from my chair that night. Luckily she was almost forgotten. Mrs. Cartwright had once softly opened the door. I had signed to her to allow no one to come in till I rang.

Lilia slept all that night. About six in the morning she moved, and sighed, looked at me, and her cheek suddenly crimsoned again.

" My dear Miss De V——, you are better —you will live."

" Shall I? ah, keep my secret!"

" Most carefully—God bless you—now for your breakfast," said I, almost beside myself with joy.

Her attendants came. I left with Mrs. Cartwright such directions for care, that she was quite amazed.

"Oh, she is of value inestimable," I whispered. "She will save him."

I now left the apartment, and flew, rather than walked, to my other patient.

When I entered the room, which I did very softly, he opened his curtain.

"I am not asleep, Wilson. My night has been tedious enough. I am quite glad you are come; but what brings you here so early?"

"Why, my Lord, I have got a new medicine which I think"—

He sighed, and shook his head.

"A famous new medicine, my Lord; one that saved the life of the son of Seleucus. Please heaven it will do as much for you!"

"Wilson," said he, gravely, "I do not understand you. This is a strange hour—is it possible? a man so temperate"— . . .

"I beg your pardon, my Lord. I believe I am intoxicated; but it is with hope, not wine. Hope for the man I most love upon earth! My Lord, can you find fortitude to hear tidings

that will render this world for you a paradise? Can you hear that Lilia—yes—*your* Lilia—Oh, my Lord, how shall I find words delicate enough to tell you? Your heart has found its echo in her's!"

He rose suddenly in his bed, then sunk back upon his pillow, so pale that I thought for a moment he was gone.

"No, no," said he, in a voice of utter despondency. "Her compassion—her noble, generous heart has betrayed her. It is impossible. You have urged her, Wilson, I see it too well."

"As I hope to live, my Lord, I have done nothing—said nothing. The whole has been to me, most unequivocally, and most unexpectedly, betrayed."

"Tell me all."

He lay quite still while I related to him what had passed; adding what Lilia had told me; that the unfortunate diamond necklace—I suppose by exciting the jealousy of the young ladies—had drawn upon her a most unprovoked

attack from the sisters, who had declared that they thought, and every body else thought, that she was only flattering Lord St. Germains for what she could get; and perhaps hoped to entangle him in a marriage that would be an everlasting disgrace to him. The secret of her heart had been thus rudely betrayed to Lilia; and, agonised by the discovery which she believed all the world had made, and which she supposed would excite the contempt of Lord St. Germains, she had taken refuge in coldness, absence, flight, — like a timid fawn, springing, at any risk, from the danger she feared.

The idea of Lord St. Germains' passion had never crossed her mind. She saw only coldness and estrangement in his altered manner, and their timidity had only served to confirm their mutual mistakes.

As a conviction of the truth slowly took possession of Lord St. Germains' mind, the glorious spectacle of his countenance was such

that I shall never forget it while I live—hope—happiness—rapture—intense gratitude—as those eyes, literally of more than earthly beauty, were raised in inward prayer.

"Mr. Wilson, I shall live," he said, at last. I shall live to thank her, and to bless her; and, God of Heaven! to make her happy! My Lilia, my Lilia, my sweet enchanting one; darling of my pride! idol of my heart! Yes—yes—I ought to have known it; our hearts were made for each other. Was it possible that what agitated every pulse of my being, should find no answering chord in yours? Oh, Wilson," turning to me with a sweet luminous smile, "what a world of nonsense I am talking! Forgive me, and feel my wrist."

I did so; and the blood which had been hurrying in dreadful agitation through his veins, now flowed with the even current of perfect health.

Three more days, and I had the inexpres-

sible satisfaction of announcing to these two tender beings that they might meet. Over that meeting I draw a veil: it was a scene too sacred to be exposed to vulgar eyes, when two lovers, rescued by their mutual truth and goodness from the very jaws of death, met to open upon a promise of happiness rivalling the joys of heaven. Lilia, transformed at once from the thoughtless child, to the feeling, blushing woman. He, rendered almost beautiful, by the charm his felicity shed around him.

Happy, happy lovers! Three weeks of sweet, unclouded joy were theirs, while they remained with Mrs. Cartwright, a good deal secluded in the large suite of apartments which had been appropriated by Lord St. Germains; recovering, by gentle degrees, the strength which their sufferings had so much impaired.

Lord St. Germains told me that as soon as he was well, he should at once disclose his secret to his father, and ask his consent to an

immediate marriage, with permission to occupy one of his country seats. And with his usual mental activity, he was already planning to make his abode a blessing to all around, and to begin, with Lilia, to discharge the cheerful duties of a useful life. She, moulded by his hand, and virtuous, reasonable, and good, with all her playfulness, entered into his views, and shared his feelings: shewing in every look and tone such a sweet, confiding, perfect love for him, and every thing about him, as might have made the vainest and handsomest coxcomb proud and happy. What ineffable sweetness was it then to him, whose whole life had been one struggle with mortification, to find himself the object of such an affection—the possessor of such a heart! But I talk like a doting old man: the recollection is still too much for me. I have often left them, to hide my tears of joy; for I loved him like a son, and honoured him like a superior nature. I was, however, forced to quit this scene of happiness

for about a week, so of what passed in that interval I can only speak by hearsay.

As soon as Lord St. Germains was able to quit his apartments, he proceeded to inform his father that he had fixed his affections upon Miss De V——; that he had been so fortunate as to meet with a return, and that he prayed his consent to an immediate union. His father, a kind-hearted, plain man, immediately signified his satisfaction at his son's happiness, and his readiness to make all the proper arrangements. He expressed to Mrs. Cartwright his joy that Lord St. Germains had found *one* woman capable of appreciating his excellent qualities. He visited Lilia, kissed her affectionately, calling her his beloved daughter; and then, in the fulness and simplicity of his heart, went down to communicate the agreeable intelligence to the Marchioness.

What passed between them I never knew.

I had watched her narrowly. I had seen the clouds, which she vainly strove to dispel, gathering again over her brow, as the intelligence of Lord St. Germains' convalescence reached her. Darker and darker they gathered over that haughty countenance.

When, however, it was communicated to her that an event so wholly unexpected as Lord St. Germains' marriage was about to take place; an event which entirely closed all prospect of that ultimate succession for Lord Louis, of which she had allowed herself to make sure; her rage and disappointment at last burst all the bounds of decency; though, I believe, she did manage to conceal the real origin of her violence from the undiscerning eyes of her husband, by affecting to cloak it under indignation at what she called the *mésalliance,* the degradation of his son by a marriage with a mere dependant, a child of charity, a child of shame; for so she scrupled not to declare the unfortunate Lilia to be.

Accustomed to yield to her influence in all things, and to evade rather than to oppose her wishes, when they did not coincide with his own; the Marquis was quite unfit to make head against the storm. As usual he began to think that there must be much reason, where there were so many words—to waver in his judgment,—to see things in a new light—and finally to be persuaded totally to alter his opinion—and to agree that the match was a monstrous piece of imprudence, impropriety, and so forth. He concluded by declaring it must be thought of no more—a determination to which he appeared resolved to adhere, with that stubborn obstinacy in which infirm minds love to take refuge.

Lilia was assailed with a torrent of abuse by the Marchioness and by the young ladies—abuse, which it may be hard to believe, can pass from right honourable lips—but so, alas! it is—Passion, the passion excited by the sudden overthrow of selfish hopes, can be as vio-

lent, can be as rude, in these mechanically regulated children of false refinement, as in the basest vulgar.

They threatened to turn her out of the house —to expose her to shame—to drive her friendless on the world!

The unhappy Lilia, almost terrified out of her senses at the storm, was sinking, almost fainting, on the floor in the Marchioness's dressing-room, where this scene of violence passed, when the door opened, and Lord St. Germains entered.

No longer slow or halting in his gait, but as if inspired by a sudden energy—he walked firmly across the room to where Lilia stood, looking as if she could stand no longer.

"Silence, young ladies," in a voice of thunder. "Have done with this disgraceful noise—Has all decency quitted the earth? And is the betrothed wife of your eldest brother a fit subject for your outrageous contempts?"

"Your *wife*, my Lord," said the Marchio-

ness bitterly,—" Yes, when she is your wife—we must all learn to mock her with idle ceremony—While she remains my dependant—as the forgotten child of my brother's youthful errors—I shall treat her as her disgusting treachery deserves. But she is not your wife yet. Your father has empowered me to say that he forbids this marriage—this degrading marriage, under pain of his eternal malediction."

Lilia clasped her hands, shuddered, and, with a faint cry, sank upon her knees, exclaiming " Ah!—no—no—no—"

" My dear Lilia," said Lord St. Germains with great composure, " this is no place for you—Can you walk?—Go to Mrs. Cartwright, I will be with you soon."—He handed Lilia to the door, and then, returning, placed himself before the Marchioness, who, exhausted with passion, had sunk upon a chair.

" What am I to understand, madam, by the threat of my father's malediction, if I persevere

in an engagement, for which I have this very morning received his hearty congratulations? I ask you—have you presumed to interfere between me and my father! I have borne much, perhaps too much.—There are things, madam, you had better not attempt to make me endure."

"I have said what I thought proper," said the Marchioness, more than ever enraged by his firmness. "I have said he was disgracing his house by so weak a compliance—I say so still.—Your marriage!—Have you yet to learn what you are? I am ashamed of you, my Lord! What!—purchase a wife with your gold!"

The colour flew up to his temples—His passion mastered him.

"Madam, you shall find—there are words never forgiven and never forgotten!" and he left the room.

He went straight to his father, and at once declared that no power on earth should separate him from Lilia—that if his father refused, as he threatened, a provision, he would live

upon what remained of the money his mother had provided for him—for that his resolution was unalterable—Lilia should be his wife. All this was said with great respect, but with an air of determination which could not fail to have its effect on the Marquis. He veered once more—again declared himself satisfied with the match—and, having done so, as the shortest way of avoiding further contention, he ordered his carriage, and left the house for London.

The rage of the Marchioness, when she found that he was gone, leaving the marriage irrevocably decided upon—seconded by the jealous vexation of her daughters—and the envious exclamations of the governesses, it would be difficult to describe. The noise, the ferment, the tumult, can be judged of only by those who have had the misfortune to live in families—unprincipled, selfish, and violent. In the midst of the confusion, Lord Louis unexpectedly arrived.

His mother's eyes sparkled with exultation when he was announced—a champion when most wanted. She trusted to his vehemence to aid her cause, and triumph over his brother's resolution. Hearing his mother was in her dressing-room, he ran lightly up stairs; but, when he opened the door, he was shocked at the disorder in which he found her, with his sisters.

"My dearest mother, what can have happened?"

"Oh, Louis! Louis!—my pride!—my joy!—welcome to your miserable mother!"

"Miserable! Who has dared? Mother, who has dared?"

"St. Germains."

"St. Germains!—impossible!—he never would—he never could—he is too sensible, and too good.—Mother, what is this?"

"Oh, Louis! he is going to marry."

"To marry! impossible!—how! to whom?"

"Yes," cried his sisters at once, "to Lilia."

"To Lilia!—what a sacrifice!"

"Oh! far from that," cried Lady Geraldine sneering. "Oh! quite a love match, I assure you. Lilia is desperately—over head and ears in love—We've had such a scene."

"No! you don't say so—Lilia love him!—is it possible?—Does she really, sincerely, love him?—value him, as she ought to do?—and at her age too!—God bless her honest, affectionate heart! Oh, the sweet child!—I always said she was the best and dearest creature in the world—I must run and congratulate St. Germains immediately, for he is a happy fellow, and well he deserves it.—How heartily glad I am!" and he was gone in a minute, with his usual impatience, totally unheeding the effect his words produced upon his mother.

He passed quickly through the long galleries which separated the apartments of St. Germains from those of the rest of the family; leaving the Marchioness, as I have since heard, in a state which defies description.

The human heart is strangely constructed, and it is difficult to calculate what may be the effect of a sudden impression. The manner in which Lord Louis had received the intelligence, of what his mother had worked herself up to consider, as the most disastrous, cruel, and overwhelming event that ever befel a human creature, seems to have operated upon her in the most sinister and extraordinary manner.—Disappointed in her expectations of support and sympathy—mortified to the very quick, to see her own son, the efficient cause of all the bitter feelings she experienced, rejoicing openly and unfeignedly in that which she had reprobated so loudly—her countenance, they say, took a hue so dark, that even her usually careless daughters observed it.

"He triumphs every way," she was heard to mutter. "Yes, even Louis—even Louis. Let it be—let it be—a second son—a poor dependant, second son—obeyed by every one—ruling every thing—his father—my children—my-

self—my son—Lilia—children—honours—fortune."

I can only very imperfectly relate what followed on that eventful night.

The Marchioness had, as her private attendant, one of those venomous reptiles whom the pen of our great poet has, in its overflowing gall, cursed with an eternal celebrity:—

> Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's tints
> With all the kind mendacity of hints;
> While mingling truth with falsehood, sneers with smiles—
> A thread of candour with a web of wiles.
> A plain blunt show of briefly spoken seeming—
> To hide her bloodless heart's soul-harden'd scheming.
> A lip of lies—a face form'd to conceal,
> And, without feeling, mock at all who feel—
> What marvel that this hag of hatred works
> Eternal evil—latent as she lurks—
> To make a pandemonium where she dwells,
> And reign, the Hecate of domestic hells!

Mrs. Grace Holdfast was one of those which pride and a haughty contempt of others, when based, not upon power and energy, but upon weakness and vanity, select as a confidante, for the violent and bitter feelings of a heart

too feeble to endure, unsupported, its own vehement emotions. Such was the Marchioness —violent, without force—rash, without courage—proud, without dignity—haughty, without self-dependance—contradictions which are the very cradle of wickedness. She wanted, at once, a flatterer and a master—to encourage her where she was failing—to urge her forward where she hesitated. She found both in Mrs. Grace Holdfast.

Holdfast was, in her sphere, such as we may suppose to have been that servant, at once illustrious and base, who ruled to evil, the destinies of a regent, and a queen. Possessing, under a servile and vulgar exterior, a mind of masculine daring, and of fiend-like ambition—to govern her mistress—and through her the fortunes of a noble and powerful house, was the secret pride on which she fed. She had identified herself so completely with the Marchioness, that she in a manner adopted all her passions.—She, too, had long looked

upon Lord Louis as the proper heir of Brandon—and with bitter contempt and hatred upon St. Germains, as a poor, miserable, diseased being—"a mildewed ear, blighting his fairer brother." She, too, shared, and more than shared, in the stinging envy with which the elevation of Lilia was contemplated throughout the household—and anticipated, with an imagination of unusual strength, all the change of feeling and circumstance which must, sooner or later, ensue—when Lilia and St. Germains, at the head of a rising family and immense fortune, should dole out their kindness and their assistance, to the fallen, impoverished, and dependant members of the second house.

The rest of that evening the Marchioness spent alone with Mrs. Holdfast, in her dressing-room. Lord Louis, having found his brother, and congratulated him with his usual warmth and frankness, had begun, for the first time, to understand that something was amiss

—and, having learned that it arose from the violent opposition offered by the Marchioness to the marriage, and having, in spite of his carelessness, in some way divined the disappointment which lay at the bottom of all this ebullition of feeling, he felt mortified, and very angry; for he had a good and right heart, with all his faults,—a heart from which jealousy and envy were as far removed as one pole from the other. He was vexed at his mother, and he spent the rest of the evening with St. Germains, Mrs. Cartwright, and Lilia.

They had all been disturbed, more especially Lilia, by what had passed in the morning —Her cheeks were yet flushed, and her eyes sad and heavy—but Lord Louis, all gaiety and affection, soon restored the smiles to her innocent countenance. St. Germains appeared consoled for the pain and mortification he had experienced, by the generous conduct of his brother. He was evidently, as Mrs. Cartwright told me, much gratified by the behaviour of Lord

Louis, whom he had always loved with the tenderest affection — gratified and consoled to find the bosom of the son, unstained by the selfishness and meanness of the mother.

He had been strangely ruffled, but his usual composure was now restored. "He sat," said she, "in that antique window, (which I so well remember)—in his large chair, looking tranquilly on the declining sun, whose broad red orb was sinking behind the horizon—while a glow of the richest crimson, gold and purple, illumined the sky. At his feet on a low stool was Lilia; the last rays of the evening gleaming upon the vines and twisted plants that ornamented the apartment, and falling softened upon that hair, of which it is impossible not to think whenever one is imagining her —so peculiar was the charm it added to her beauty, so rich its floating folds, so unspeakably graceful all its affluence of curls, waves, and ringlets. By her side was Lord Louis, on

the ground, amusing himself by whispering in her ear a thousand innocent malicious trifles—which sent the crimson into her cheeks in glowing streaks, bright as the heavens they were looking on:—and," said Mrs. Cartwright, "I thought she resembled one of those inhabitants of heaven with their sweet cherubic faces, that the old masters love to represent—leaning from the clouds of the sky amid the angelic host; happiness, love, tenderness, beamed upon that ruby lip and smiled in that eye, investing her with a sort of radiance of feeling and purity. Lord Louis, too, I was so much pleased with him and all his ways, that I thought he looked something almost too beautiful, and too good, for this world. I sat, half shaded by the curtain, regarding them—It was a moment, Mr. Wilson, that paid me for many pains,—I saw the eyes of St. Germains raised, as if to Heaven, once or twice—He was offering the thanks of his righteous and grateful spirit, to the Being he worshipped in the depths of his in-

most soul. He looked round, and seeing where I was, without moving so as to disturb the two whisperers at his feet, he held out his hand, took mine and pressed it, I understood him well."

The Marchioness, while this scene of peace was passing at one end of the castle, remained as I have said, in her own room. She was heard to pace the floor with vehemence—her voice was elevated, so as even to penetrate the well fitted doors of these splendid apartments—She was evidently talking and gesticulating with violence. After a while, however, all this ceased, and Mrs. Holdfast was seen to go down stairs, and, contrary to her usual custom, at that time of the evening, to leave the house.

It was autumn, and the day was closing in —but no candles were ordered into the Marchioness's dressing-room. The young ladies were assembled as usual in the saloon, but the lady mother did not appear. The daughters were not in the habit of attending her when

she was indisposed, either in body or mind. Such care always devolved upon Mrs. Holdfast. So they spent the evening, dawdling about the room with their French governesses—playing now and then a few notes on their pianoforte, humming Opera airs, hanging over the fire, and so on. They were all sad and dull, after the excitement of the morning.

At length, says one, "I suppose mamma won't come down again, and as for Louis, it is too bad, he has been in St. Germains' room all the evening; I never thought he would have taken *that* side."

"So foolish, and so ill-natured!" said another. "But I shall go to bed, for I don't know what's amiss, but I never felt so uncomfortable in my life.

"*Ah! c'est que vous avez tant de sensibilité!*" said one of the French ladies: "*et moi aussi, je n'en puis plus.*"

Lady Geraldine, the picture of gloomy discontent, now rose to go. As they went

to their rooms, they stumbled upon Holdfast.

" Holdfast, how's mamma ?—Why ! what in the name of Heaven is the matter with you, Holdfast ?—You are as white as a sheet."

" What she never was before, and never will be again," said one.

" But are you as silent, as well as pale as a ghost?" said Lady Geraldine. " Can't you say what's the matter, woman ?"

Holdfast had all this time been endeavouring to pass on without answering. She was accustomed to treat the young ladies at all times in her own way. She now, however, stopped.

" Matter !—what do you mean by matter ? nothing's the matter—what do you mean ?"

" Nay ! what do *you* mean, you grumpy old thing !" said Lady Mary. " You look in the *oddest* way."

" I suppose, I may look as I please without troubling you," said she roughly, " and I want to go to bed."

" Off with you then, old crab!" said the girl.

The young ladies had been in bed about two hours, when Lady Mary started up.

" Something is the matter indeed," said she. " Good God, what a cry!"

They were all at once raised from their pillows. There was a cry—such a cry!—a wail, so wild, so clear, so shrill, that the very flesh seemed to creep upon their bones. It rang through the still immensity of that building, with a piercing unearthly vehemence.

" Again! and again!" said Lady Geraldine. " God of Heaven, what is the matter?"

" *Au nom de Dieu, qu'est ce que c'est?*" said the French governess, rushing into the room.

The door was now wide open,—hurried steps were heard—the whole household seemed roused—there was a rapid opening and shutting of doors—murmuring voices—stifled calls—a low-toned noise of confusion, if I may so ex-

press myself—above which, at intervals, were heard the loud clear shrieks of one in agony.

"Where shall we go?—what can it be?" cried all three together. "Oh! it is impossible to stay here. Let us run to my mother's room."

Dressing gowns were hurriedly cast on—they were at the Marchioness's door—the horror of the moment, overpowering every old habit and custom, they were flying, like frightened birds to their mother's wing. Mamma! mamma! Holdfast! let us in—let us in," as the shrieks quicker, and quicker, more and more piercing, reverberated through the apartments.

Holdfast came to the door. She only half opened it.

"Let us in! let us in!" cried the terrified girls, rushing forward. She was forced back and they ran, with one impulse, into the room.

" Mamma ! mamma !" but to look at her was enough—They shrunk back appalled. She was standing bolt upright, stiffened, in the middle of the apartment, as perfectly white, and almost as rigid as if she had been dead—Her eyes were fixed and staring, and she seemed to be drinking in the horrid sounds, insensible to every other perception.

" Mother ! mother ! mother !"

The sound roused her, but it was to fury.

" Go away ! get away ! what are you here for? how dare you come here ? get away from me—fly my eyes?—hide yourselves from my sight !—take them away !—Good God !—Holdfast are you mad ?"

The terrified girls shrunk to the door, alike afraid to remain, or to depart.

The door was rudely opened again. It was Lord Louis.—. . .

" Almighty God ! it is all over—he is dead —he is gone—!"

The mother fell flat on the floor—Holdfast flew to her, bent her head over her, and was busy, endeavouring to relieve her, while the sisters gathered round Lord Louis.

He paced the room with an air of distraction.

"Only four hours ago, and he was as well as I am; and now he is dead! Four hours ago, and he was the happiest and the best of human beings: and now he is nothing!—now he is nothing; and Lilia—poor—poor—poor Lilia....."

"Dead?—what?—who?" exclaimed they, breathless.

"Why, your brother; our brother! the best and dearest friend and brother that ever man possessed! St. Germains, the best, the kindest, the worthiest fellow that ever walked God's earth,"—.... and, covering his face with his hands, he sank into a chair, and shed a torrent of tears.

The Marchioness was by this time sitting

on the floor, supported by Holdfast, who was soothing and composing her. Her eyes were fixed intently on her son; but at these last words,—and when he burst into tears—as if some secret sympathy had rent the cold ice of her soul, she fell into violent hysterics, and her shrieks, laughter, sobs, and ravings, were horrible—were appalling. Holdfast, the resolute Holdfast, trembled and shook like a wretch in a fever. The young ladies screamed aloud.

"Mother, have done!" said Lord Louis rising fiercely. "Have done! It is impossible to bear this—Controul yourself—Hold her hands, Mrs. Grace. Have done, mother, with this screaming. All the shrieks of hell will not awaken him—He is as dead as *that*—" dashing on the floor a piece of marble, which stood near. "Have done, mother, and let them put you to bed."

"For the love of heaven, young ladies," said Mrs. Holdfast, in a tone of entreaty, which she had never before been known to use, "call

for some help—I *cannot* bear it any longer," and she gnashed her teeth in an agony of horror.

It was all too true—St. Germains was dead. Four hours ago, he was in the full enjoyment of his vast intellect, a thinking, powerful being, and now he was a lump of miserable clay! His servant, whom accident had brought into his room, had discovered that something more than usual was amiss. Mrs. Cartwright had been called, Lilia had followed—Hers were the shrieks, as his lips fell in the last ghastly agony; as his eyes rolled on her, without sense or sentiment; hers were the shrieks which had filled those vast vaulted chambers. Well might they fill those vaulted chambers with their miserable outcry! They were the shrieks of a heart broken in the full energy of its feelings; the cries of the soul, bursting its youthful tenement; the agonies of death, by mortal sorrow. That young, affectionate heart, was not left to mourn the being so devotedly loved and

worshipped. The beautiful tresses of Lilia swept over the bosom of her lover—and on his heart that faithful head—was laid like a cropped flower.

Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!
Ah!—happy!—but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—though deep—though fatal, was thy first!
Thrice happy!—ne'er to feel, or fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse,
And that dread pang, where more than madness lies;
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
That winds around and tears the quiv'ring heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it and depart?

They were buried together. Something strange, hasty and mysterious involved the whole business—a private examination was made, but the precarious state in which Lord St. Germains had been known to exist, ever since his earliest childhood, seemed to afford sufficient grounds to account for this sudden catastrophe; particularly when the agitation of the preceding day was recollected. The funeral

took place quite privately; the Marquis coming down from London to attend it.

It was a fine morning in autumn, when I returned home from my journey: a misty grey morning. The sun was just beginning to penetrate the soft haze, and to beam gladly upon the trees, calling out the songs of those few birds which made that season still cheerful by their warblings. I journeyed pleasantly along, enjoying the agreeable tranquillity of spirits, which my habit of early rising usually procures me; but when I entered Carstones, and rode up the well known street, I was struck with the air of gloom which pervaded it. Looking round me, I perceived that the shops were all shut; that the children, usually at their noisy plays in the market-place, were hushed. There were few passengers, but many people were standing at their open doors, and many faces were at the windows. Suddenly the bell of the church, which stood at a little dis-

tance on a green eminence above the town, began to toll. The tolling of a funeral bell is always a most mournful and heavy sound to me; but now it struck me with more than usual melancholy. I hastily rode up to my own door, and throwing the rein of my horse to my boy, who came out, asked what was the matter.

"What has happened? why are all the shops shut up?"

"Lord St. Germains is buried to-day."

I thought I should have fallen on the pavement.

"Lord St. Germains! what can you mean, Richard?"

"He is to be buried to-day; and Miss Lilia, too; and sure they say it will be a mortal fine sight, but we shall none of us have the heart to look on it. A better never went to his grave, than he who goes there this day." And he brushed his eyes with the back of his hand.

I hurried into the house: Judy was not as usual to be seen fidgetting here, there, and

every where, she was up stairs in our sitting room.

"Why Judy!" I cried, "what are they saying? What has happened?"

"Oh! brother, such a thing!"

"They tell me—but it is impossible. The Marquis he means; but he cannot be dead, and I never to have heard of it."

"No, not the Marquis—Lord St. Germains; and Lord Louis came down here, his own self, bless him, to ask when you would be back. He wanted you to be at the funeral. He takes on so, poor young gentleman; as if for the world, there never was such another as his brother." She was running on, but I begged her to tell me all; and then I learned, with many interruptions, much of what I have related.

I am not writing my own history; I have no wish to dwell on what I felt.

I attended the funeral of the two beings I most loved and honoured upon earth. I saw

the long train descend the Castle hill, and sweep mournfully up the street of Carstones—the waving plumes—the mourning crowds—I see them still—I saw Lord St. Germains laid in the tomb of his ancestors—with his faithful little Lilia by his side—Lord Louis would have it so. Never shall I forget him, as he stood in his long black velvet cloak, bowing his beauteous head over the coffin of his brother, as sobs became groans, and groans ended in passionate tears, while he called upon St. Germains and Lilia—He was knit to my soul from that hour.

The poor Marquis was likewise much afflicted: and he shewed his grief with an honest homely sincerity which moved the hearts of every one.

As for the neighbourhood in general,—few deaths ever excited so much sensation. Lord St. Germains was deeply and universally regretted, both by poor and rich. Short as had been his career, the power of his active intelligence

was generally felt and appreciated, and the prospect of seeing him, at some future period, lord of this great domain, and head as it were of the county, had been every where contemplated with satisfaction.

It seemed for some time as if nothing could console Lord Louis (for so I shall continue to call him). He had loved and honoured St. Germains more than any other human being; and, insensible to the splendid prospect now opening before him, he shewed, without affectation, that he valued such a man, and such a brother, more than castles or estates, bonds, or bank bills. He soon went away from Brandon; seeming to feel nothing but pain in every thing connected with the place.

Wave, however, succeeds to wave — the waters of oblivion speedily cover the grave of the wisest, the most honoured, and the best. The sensation which the sudden death of Lord St. Germains had excited — the pity which dwelt upon the tomb of the young and lovely

Lilia, died away, and, in a few months, every thing appeared to have resumed its wonted course.

The Marchioness had been long in recovering from the violent agitation into which she had been thrown, on the tremendous night of Lord St. Germains' death: for some weeks she was quite unfit to appear, or to mingle in the ordinary society of her own family. Her appearance was entirely changed—She became pale, and complained that even the sudden shutting of a door made her tremble and turn faint. I saw her about three weeks after Lord St. Germains' death, and I thought her nervous system, I must say, in a most deplorable state, recollecting her, as I did, so haughty—so dignified—so cold. I could not remark, without great compassion, the change which had taken place. She was tremulous and terrified, could not sleep by night, nor rest by day; in short, was suffering under what appeared to me a regular nervous seizure.

Holdfast, whom I never liked, was grown, as

I thought, more disagreeable than ever—her assiduous, and almost servile, attentions to her lady were changed in their character. Assiduous she was, indeed, more than usual; but her attentions rather resembled those of a cross yet careful nurse, to a troublesome child, than the respectful attendance of a servant upon a noble mistress.

Time, however, as I have said, wore away. Month rolled on after month—the disorder of the Marchioness gradually subsided, and by the end of the year she was haughtier and prouder and colder than ever. She began at last to take an open pride in the great expectations of her son; for at first she seemed so insensible to gratification of every sort, that even this appeared to afford her but a feeble pleasure. She assumed a wider authority than she had ever done before, and acted still more completely the part of grand lady and grand princess.

Eighteen months had now elapsed, and the day approached when Lord Louis was to come of age. He had never entered so fully as one might have expected, into the pleasure of his inheritance, though that he was indifferent to its advantages I do not pretend to say—and he told his mother that he had no wish that his approaching majority should be signalized in any very remarkable manner. But her love of splendour, of representation, of magnificence, was all alive again: and her idolatry of her son greater than ever. She declared she would have the event celebrated as it ought to be for one so magnificently endowed—so highly gifted; and at Brandon Castle; for that, being by far the most princely domain belonging to the family, there alone could its heir, with due propriety be honoured.

Brandon Castle was become to me a place of gloom and shadow. All that old side of it which Lord St. Germains used to inhabit, was

shut up, and totally abandoned. I never could tell why; but I observed that not a servant in the castle would enter it even by day-light, if it were possible to avoid so doing.

As for me, I fled from all that could remind me of a loss so deeply lamented—a feeling which was united in my mind with a painful distrust—a sort of formless disagreeable suspicion. I never saw Mrs. Holdfast without a kind of creeping of the flesh. Her looks, indeed, were more offensive to me than ever—I caught something almost fiendish in her expression, at times. But, as I intended to say, all that side of the castle was utterly deserted—for Mrs. Cartwright, it is needless to relate, had left Brandon immediately after the funeral of those alone dear to her; and had betaken herself to a distant retreat, where she waited in patience, as she told me, her dismissal from a world in which she could no longer occupy a post of usefulness.

Lord Louis, as I have said, appeared to

share my feelings—He came very little to the place, and seemed to dislike particularly the idea of revelry in such a scene. But the Marchioness was determined, and the 10th of July was appointed for rejoicings, on a scale of magnificence unknown even in the annals of this splendid family.

The tables were laid for five hundred people on that magnificent lawn, which those who know Brandon will recollect is surrounded by an amphitheatre of woods, and crowned at its extremity by the lofty towers and grand front of the feudal castle or palace; call it which you will, for it was both. The first board was laid on this occasion for the nobler guests; and from this, as in the olden time, a continued succession of tables was set, for every one, even to the poorest tenant, and meanest retainer of the family. The tables were covered with plate of gold and silver, loaded with viands, adorned with the most beautiful fruits and flowers, brilliant with the abundance of shining orna-

ments of glass, china, and marble, that were glittering in profusion on every side.

The company was splendid, and distinguished crowds of gaily-dressed people were gathered among the trees, or surrounding the tables. Loud sounded the triumphant music of the several bands. The clear notes of the trumpet rang shrilly through the woods, a signal to the revellers to come to the feast. The day was superb, gleaming under one of those bright, glowing suns which, when breaking out upon our scenery, before long heats have destroyed the verdure of the groves, and the brilliant emerald of the grass, produces such a shining effect to the eye.

What a scene!—There stood the Marchioness in a robe whose magnificence exceeded all I had ever before imagined; a circlet of jewels, sparkling like a crown in her dark hair. She looked splendidly beautiful. Her daughters, a shewy group, stood round her—her husband was by her side—her son, the noble—the beau-

tiful Lord Louis!—I see him now—But my thoughts were far away—they were resting on that grave where so much goodness and excellence lay buried, forgotten by all but me.

I thought of the good Marchioness—her career of benevolence, so soon closed. I thought of all the unjust and selfish and ungenerous feelings and actions of the one, who now reigned triumphant in her stead. There she sat as upon a throne, receiving the homage of multitudes for that son of her pride—all her vain and wicked aspirations gratified, and the favourite established in his brother's place.

But, while I was gazing, the scene of triumph suddenly changed its aspect. Dark, heavy, lurid clouds began to gather round the horizon—low rolling thunder was distantly heard—a sudden silence in the woods succeeded to the noise and stir of life among the birds and insects, and the distant herds might be seen creeping to cover. A universal stillness was in the air, over which, shadows, dark as night,

were slowly stealing—A stillness every where, save round the immediate scene of revelry.

The dinner had, in the mean time, proceeded. The wine had freely circulated, the hum became louder and louder—the noise of the instruments appeared, to my senses, more triumphant. I looked on the sky: all was dark, threatening horror—on the tables, all exulting joy.

On a sudden, there was a general ringing of glasses—a general rise—a general shout—They were drinking health and happiness to the heir. Hip! hip! hip! Hurrah!!

I saw Lord Louis, his head bending in proud and graceful acknowledgment of the honour he received. One ray of the sun shot between the dark clouds, and illuminated his face. The next moment—a crash of thunder—loud—terrible—rattled through the sky, and one bright flash penetrated, for a second, the horrible gloom. One flash!—and a cry, a universal cry, rent the air—Lord Louis! Lord

Louis!—the thunderbolt had fallen—....he lay dead at his mother's feet—....

The confusion that ensued—for a deluge of rain followed immediately the fatal flash,—rain—as if the very windows of heaven were once more opened, pouring their torrents upon a world of sin—prevented me from seeing clearly, or remembering much that came after.

I saw the Marchioness, her hair and clothes all drenched and dabbled with wet, carried shrieking passed me, through a darkness almost like that of midnight.—I saw Mrs. Holdfast holding her, quivering, shaking, trembling,—the daughters flying on the wings of fear for shelter. The splendid crowd at once dispersed—while the wind was bending the trees to the very earth, the rain streaming from the clouds, the hoarse thunder howling, rattling, and clattering through the sky.

Last of all, I saw the dead body of Lord Louis.—Four young men, dressed in the extreme of fashionable elegance, with counte-

nances pale with horror, and hair matted over their bare heads, were carrying the lifeless form between them. His head, yet beautiful, leaned on his shoulder, perfectly senseless—perfectly still.

The whole scene had literally stupified me, and passed before me like a dream. Nor did I move till I heard my name loudly called.—"Mr. Wilson!—Where is Mr. Wilson?—Can nothing be done?"

They came to me, and hurried me into the castle. Nothing could, indeed, be done for Lord Louis. The lightning had penetrated his breast, and the flash had scorched and slightly blackened his face—This was all—but life was utterly extinct.

The daughters were standing in the corridor, all pride, all ceremony over—shrieking "Mr. Wilson! Mr. Wilson! come to mamma! come to mamma!"

I ran up stairs. I entered the room of the Marchioness. She appeared to me raving mad.

She was screaming with all her might, and tearing off large locks of her raven hair—Her eyes were distended with horror—"Yes, I see him!—I see him!—he is there still!—He came, like the mighty archangel, in the storm—he rode upon the blast. They have struck me in the soul—All is over at last.—Louis! Louis! Louis!—you for whom I have perilled salvation!—offended God—called up his mighty rolling thunders—Where, where are you?—Gone—gone—gone.—Is it you at my feet?—My life! my pride! my son!"

As the thunder rolled and crackled round the windows, her horror and distraction increased.

"Another blast for me? I come!—I come! Mighty God!—Hide me,—hide me from his rage. Ha!" with a shriek, the most terrible I ever heard—and she seized Holdfast firmly by the arm, till her fingers seemed to meet in the flesh—"Devil! are you here!—seize her!—take her!—She bought the poison!—

she mixed the cup!—I saw her smile—the she devil!—I saw her smile while she did it!—the tempting wily serpent! Seize her!—take her!—rack her!—she has murdered us all!—she has damned my immortal soul!"

Mrs. Holdfast looked aghast at this address—Unable to release herself—deserted by her usual presence of mind, she stared stupidly at the Marchioness, as if paralyzed—but I went up to her.

"Mrs. Holdfast, this is a serious accusation," said I.—"There is something here more than common.—Lady Mary, may I entreat you to call for help?"

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mrs. Holdfast at last, angrily—"Let me go, if you please."

But I still detained her, while the Marchioness, whose senses were evidently gone, continued to rave in the most incoherent manner.

So she continued to rave for many, many

years; the slightest ray of intellect never visited her more.

Mrs. Holdfast was arraigned, tried, and executed. It was proved that she had been down to my surgery that very evening, and bought the poison from Judy. Judy confessed it, after much circumlocution.

Brandon Castle was absolutely deserted. It has been shut up ever since. I do not know what has become of the young ladies. I have heard that these dreadful scenes were not profitless to them. The old Marquis is still alive.

This is all I now recollect of this history—the latter pages of which I have written with so much pain, that I begin to think I was very foolish to attempt to write it at all.

THE END.

THE

ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

Ye gentle pow'rs, that day by day unseen,
Where souls, unanimous and link'd in love,
In sober converse spend the vacant hour,
And give the hasty minutes as they pass
Unwonted fragrance,—come and aid my song.
In that clear fountain of eternal love
Which flows for aye at the right-hand of Him,
The great Incomprehensible, ye serve—
Dip my advent'rous pen, that nothing vile,
Of the pure eye or ear unworthy, may
In this my early song be seen or heard.

Hurdis.

THE

ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

At the end of the village of Middleton, on the western borders of Wiltshire, stands a handsome, though rather ancient, red-brick house, adorned with stone facings round the windows, doors, and at the angles of the walls, and with urns and balustrades of the same material at the top.

This style of architecture has something handsome and imposing about it—the large ornamented door, the flight of stone steps, the

profusion of long narrow windows—the excellence of the brick-work, the fine freestone by which it is relieved. The apparent stability of such edifices conveys an impression of equal stability in the station, fortune and habits of those to whom they belong, which does not exactly attach to the more classical elevations of cast iron, and cement, which characterise the present æra of our architecture.

These impressions of stability, in situations somewhat remote from the metropolis, are not yet altogether illusory. Even in this age of restless changes, of fleeting attachments, of ever varying schemes and plans of life, some few may be found who, whether wisely or not, preserve their local attachments undiminished—still cling with a mixture of reverence and fondness to the abode of their forefathers, the cradle of their own infancy—still honour with a hallowed sentiment the antique apartments where parents once presided with a grave dignity, well becoming those grey hairs of which they

were not ashamed. For them the genius of the place still haunts the smooth walk, the trim-hedges, the formal parterres, even the very walls and elaborate iron gates, which enclose the ancient courts—and they deprecate and resist that spirit of change, under the name of improvement, which would sacrifice all the recollections of the passed to the comforts and conveniences of the present—holding light by our more spiritual, in comparison with our more sensual, enjoyments.

The individual mansion which I am about to describe was a remarkably well preserved specimen of its kind. It stood surrounded by a large garden, court, and shrubberies, where all the features of a different age and different manners were carefully preserved. In the front was the court, bordered on each side by lofty elms, where a rookery had for more than a century subsisted, whose cheerful, noisy inhabitants had successively, from generation to generation, annoyed the gardeners, and diverted

the children, belonging to the mansion. This court was separated by a broad straight gravel walk, which, though intended to admit horses and carriages to the house, was kept so scrupulously and exactly smooth, that to bring horse or carriage upon it appeared almost like a profanation. On either side were plat bands of green turf, mowed, rolled and swept, till every well disciplined blade of grass was as exactly of the size and height of its brother as the pile upon a piece of velvet: even the rooks, which swung on the high branches of the spreading elms above, appeared to respect the delicacy below—or the ever active hand of the gardener removed, as it fell, every twig and leaf which those busy citizens might let drop; for certain it is, the perfect neatness of the place was never impaired for a moment.

A wall surrounded the court, ornamented, like the house, with white freestone, and boasting, like it, urns of the same material at the angles; while, on either side the gate, frowned

in stone, as erst the grim bears of Bradwardine, two fierce leopards, the crest of the family who now here resided. A gravel road ran entirely round the court, separating the grass from the wall; while exactly opposite the entrance rose a flight of fair stone steps leading to the massive doorway and handsome ponderous oaken door of the house itself—the front of which stretched on either side, magnificently adorned by a long succession of windows; inserted before taxation had taught us economy of light, among a thousand other good and bad economies.

The back of the house was, however, what pleased me the most—There lay the garden, of a kind I have always delighted in—it reminded me of a description which I found in an old book I often read, called the Spectator—Such a wilderness of walks, and hedges, and fruit trees, and flower borders,—arbours, summer houses, strawberry beds, rose bushes, vines and apricot trees, treillages, fountains, and canals—And those pretty basins of water, transparent as

crystal, with the trees dropping over them their flowery branches, as if, like the beautiful Narcissus, enamoured of their own image. Here were often to be seen, disporting themselves, little fairy water fowl with tiny webbed scarlet feet and downy breasts; and, that beautiful, but long forgotten, favourite, the mellow carp, its scales more shining than the burnished gold, would come to the bank, and open his yellow, leathery mouth, to receive the food dropped into the water, by a pair of the fairest hands that ever were ungloved to feed a pet.

In addition to the other charms of the place, this delightful wilderness was absolutely peopled with birds of every hue and song. There, when the cherry was one sheet of white blossoms, might that delight of my eyes, little Bully, with his crimson breast and velvet cap, be seen, busily hunting for his prey; while the smaller yellow-wren glanced round the blushing boughs of the perfumed apple-tree, in rapid and incessant motion. Robin would be hopping

pertly in the walk; the blue titmouse, chattering among the lilacs—while the thrushes, blackbirds, and that complicated musician, the nightingale, filled the green leaves with their varied *ramage*, — as I think I have heard my young lady call it, in a language which she loved too well.

I am a garrulous old man—and, before I go on with my story, let me please myself with the recollection of those bright clear mornings, when I would be stirring, and all the household, save the gardeners, in their berths—When the lilacs in full blossom were bending under their rich clusters of flowers, which the clusters of the purple vine alone can rival in beauty—the shrubberies gleaming, like sheeted gold with laburnums—the gueldre-roses throwing up their snowy foam into the air, as that sweet poet Cowper has it—every plant, herb, and flower, glistening with dew—the thrushes echoing to one another from the topmost branches—hailing, as it were, the glorious sun—as in his great

majesty he rolled up the shining sky. I often thought of an engraving that hung in the small parlour, from a picture by one Guido, I believe, where the God of day, glowing with youth, health, and vigour, is represented guiding forwards his rushing steeds—while the rosy light-vested hours come dancing round his car, and the fair Goddess Aurora scatters the sweetest of flowers before them—those *were* days, days of peace, of goodness, of happiness—Why am I left alone to tread these silent walks? to remember what *was*—to recal the fleeting shadows of the passed—and from my recollection and the recollection of others, try to compose a tale?

This, to me, delightful old place, belonged, when I knew it so well, to Rear-Admiral Thornhaugh; he lived at it with his only daughter, (for he had long been a widower,)—his only daughter—the charming—the most lovely Iñez!

I often used to say to myself that I did not know whether the old Admiral or his fair daughter was most in character with, or most

adorned, the place. He, with his lofty and manly figure, stern, weather-beaten, and battle-riven countenance, set off by his venerable hair, white as the driven snow: or she, with that light elastic form, that face of delicate-speaking features, those large piercing black eyes, that hair, than which no raven's wing was ever more dark or glossy; those smiles—

> "Which went, and came, and disappear'd
> Like glancing sun-beams on the dimpled water,
> Shaded by trees;"—

those bewitching gestures—that sweet musical voice—that little saucy laugh—those wilful naughty ways.

Miss Thornhaugh was not like an English young lady—Indeed her mother was of Spain—a most beautiful Spanish lady, whom the Admiral married at Valencia, or at Seville, and she came with him to England, where she shortly afterwards died. Her daughter, every one said, was very like her—Certainly she wanted that rare pink and white which adorn our beauties—there was a tint of olive some

might not like; but then her skin was smooth and polished as the finest marble, and her figure had a waviness and delicacy which I cannot describe — a sort of graceful pliancy about it that I never saw in any other. Her feet and hands were so extremely beautiful, they scarcely appeared natural—They seemed to have been modelled by art. I once saw her, like that beautiful Dorothea we read of in Don Quixote, with those lovely feet bare, shining through the transparent water of one of the little canals. I believe it was after one of her favourite carp which looked sick that she had gone in, with her usual prompt way of doing what she pleased; be that as it may, I certainly never beheld the work of any artist so exquisitely formed as those feet of marble then appeared. She used to dress, too, in a way of her own— She rarely wore colours, but was always in black or white; and her dresses were not trimmed, and sticking so oddly out and about as those of the best dressed young ladies we visited;

one did not know how they were made. They used to flow like a drapery round her limbs, confined by a band round her waist, where usually would be a clasp of very rich jewels and gold. On her arms she sometimes wore a rich bracelet or so, and a splendid gold chain now and then round her neck; but never any thing in her hair, which was braided about her head in a manner quite her own, which I used to think very charming; and she had a way of wrapping a great mantle of delicate lace, at times, about her that was very striking. I was told she had it from her mother, as well as the pattern of her black satin shoe, which certainly was most prettily fancied.

Miss Thornhaugh was all gaiety and good humour—but as wild and as wanton as a bird. She never much heeded what other people thought or did, but went her own way, perhaps one should say, wilfully—but it was such a pretty wilfulness, that I, for one, could not

quarrel with it. I never knew any living creature wounded by her; she was, in spite of all her sprightly carelessness, the kindest of human beings to those who wanted kindness. An angry or harsh tone never passed from those beautiful lips, the many years that I knew her. Some found fault with her for being a sad coquette; but I think it was mere envy; she certainly did smile, and laugh, and talk with the young gentlemen; but all she said and did was so innocently gay, I never thought there was too much of it—and I am sure they did not. Then she had such a warm heart—How she loved the old Admiral, her father! and, as for him, he adored her—he loved her as the apple of his eye—She was the light of his footsteps—the fountain of joy to his soul—She was to the stern old seaman, after all the dark and rugged passages of his life, like some strain of wild and sweet music filling the intervals of the storm. His features, on which the severity of the quarter-deck had traced those lines, firm to rigidity,

almost harsh in their stern dignity, would relax and soften, at her approach, to a sweetness quite remarkable; and his voice, which, when a little raised, we could none of us hear without an undefinable sensation, would melt to her into the modulations of a lover. As for denying her any thing in the world that she wished for, or thinking any thing she chose to say or do could be amiss, that never entered into his head. She played with all his fancies, which were some of them whimsical and obstinate enough—She smiled him out of his anger, for when there was reason he could be very angry. She coaxed him to follow her ways, when others found it impossible to bias him. She prattled—she caressed—she made him do all she wished and liked, just as I have sometimes seen a pretty little delicate girl teaze, and caress, and fondle, and tyrannize over, an immense, dignified, and rather surly, dog, that no one else much cared to speak to. The comparison is irreverent, but it seems so just.

CHAPTER II.

Thus they lived together at the large house at Middleton, visiting and giving dinners to the gentlemen and ladies of the neighbourhood—Miss Thornhaugh dancing at all the balls, and shooting at all the archery meetings—till I believe she might be about nineteen, and then the change came which I was always expecting, and Miss Thornhaugh was engaged to be married.

There was a young naval officer who was a prodigious favourite with the Admiral, and he had indeed told me once or twice, that Harry Vivian, and none but he — should have his

darling daughter. Harry was a man after his own heart—an honest, open-hearted, sensible fellow—brave as a lion, and the best officer in his Majesty's service: and Harry, and none but he, should be his son-in-law. These things, I thought, seldom turn out as planned, and I felt as if the above-mentioned recommendations might not be those most exactly fitted to engage the heart of so elegant a young lady. Luckily, the good Admiral had the prudence to keep his schemes to himself, so that the perverseness of the beauty was not awakened to oppose his design; and when Captain Harry Vivian actually made his appearance, he really was so charming a young man, that I began to hope that my old master would not be disappointed.

Captain Vivian was all the Admiral said—an excellent and able officer—open-hearted, sensible and spirited, and possessing that frank off-hand manner which I think so becoming in our naval men. But the days are gone by

when such qualities were alloyed by a certain unpolished roughness, that women of refined taste could not have liked. Captain Vivian was a perfect gentleman. No fine coxcomb of the Guards, or of the Blues, could be nicer in his dress, or more scrupulously refined in his manners. Yet was the seaman's native gallantry not lost, under these modern refinements. Nor could the somewhat elaborate elegance of the exterior, conceal the honest simplicity of the most affectionate and direct character I ever met with. Disguise, pretension, art, or calculation, were alike strangers to Harry Vivian. A clear and plain understanding, a warm and upright heart, spoke in the expression of those fair blue eyes, might be listened to in the tones of the most agreeable voice in the world, might be read, as it were, in the very waves of that light brown hair, which blew so pleasantly, round his open sunny countenance.

He came down to Middleton to visit the

dearest and oldest friend, of his late father, Admiral Vivian. Need it be told that he fell deeply, passionately, in love with Miss Thornhaugh? I do not like the word passionately, which I have used to express the character of this attachment—Passion seems to me always to have something selfish in it; the attachment of this young seaman too fervid, too devoted, too vehement, to be expressed by the term affection—yet possessed much of the generous purity of that hallowed sentiment.

It shewed itself little by those jealousies, whims, and mutual tormentings, which I have been taught to believe distinguish the passion of love in its most excellent degree—It was a tenderness like that our immortal bard has painted in his tragedy of Hamlet—a tenderness that forbade even the very winds of heaven to visit its idol too rudely—and enshrined its object amid sacred and precious deposits—as a thing too exquisite and celestial for the touch and uses of baser life.

Had such sacrifices been necessary, Vivian would have toiled his life out to have furnished her with luxuries—would have exposed himself bare-headed to all the intemperance of nature to have pillowed her head on down—would have met danger, pain, death, unshrinking, to have shielded her from the slightest sorrow. His, was the devoted attachment of a most sincere and feeling heart, enhanced by that peculiar sentiment of mingled admiration and reverence, with which the seaman regards an elegant, refined, and beautiful woman.

Miss Thornhaugh was not insensible to all this. She seemed soon to like him very much. They were for ever together in that sweet garden. He, as might be supposed, never weary of tracing her steps amid her flowers and birds; and she nothing loath, smiling, and laughing, and rallying, and coaxing—as she was wont to do with her father,—but more wilfully, more naughtily, more sweetly, as it were. She would have wiled the heart out of

the coldest philosopher breathing—His, was at her feet.

I well remember, one fine summer afternoon —the sky blue and clear over head, and the sun shining with a splendour rather brilliant than oppressive—coming down the long gravel walk in the flower garden, bordered with a yew hedge on this side, on the other with the roses all in full blow—a beautiful sight it was—I met the party; the Admiral walking rather loftily and stately, as was his wont: (for he was a tall, large man,) and his daughter, her veil floating round her, gliding with those dainty mincing feet by his side, prattling, and smiling, and coquetting so prettily; and that elegant young man, not much above her own height, his hat off, his fair brown hair blowing lightly round his face, those beautiful blue eyes fixed on hers!

I thought what a charming couple they would make,—and that day I believe it was all settled. The Admiral was called away by the gardener, and then Harry took that lily

hand within his, and led her within the treillage, now thickly shaded by the luxuriant vines, whose flowers perfumed the air: and there he told his tale of love. There, while her beautiful cheeks were dyed with crimson, with a faltering voice and trembling gesture, did he confess his passion—a passion which alone justified his supplications to so much beauty, and to worth so far above his own. He, the child of the ocean—untutored in the arts and ways of men—unschooled—unpolished—he had but his adoration and the poor offer of his life and soul to make—(he might have added, and of a very handsome fortune also). She was too much confused to answer him: but her countenance was enough, and he soon ended by thanking her in raptures, for what had never been pronounced in words.

I do not imagine that Miss Thornhaugh was precisely what ought to be called in love with Captain Vivian; but though she was very fanciful, she was not foolishly romantic; and

gratified by the devotion of such a heart, she consented with satisfaction to an engagement which was to introduce her to the realities of life under auspices so flattering. Certainly, she had known little of such realities at present —yet few possessed a riper understanding for their years than she—There was nothing about her of that silly nonsense apt to attach to girls brought up as she had been—Her mind, on the contrary, though imaginative, was remarkable for its vigour and energy—Her father had infused a most happy touch of his own character into her disposition.

When Miss Thornhaugh was engaged to be married, there were no nervous headaches, no depressions, no anxieties, no would and would not proceedings. She had no vain anticipations of life, either as a paradise of passion, or a wilderness of disappointment. She did not suppose that even the sedulous affection of Captain Vivian, could preserve her from her due share of its sorrows, and its cares—but, so

protected, she was ready to engage with them courageously. She expected much felicity in his attachment, much happiness in his society, but ecstacies were out of her head.

As for him, he was less reasonable. His love was of that kind which, when not justified by the charms of his object, we regard as insanity, and than which insanity itself, cannot be more foreign to the usual habits of the mind. But I will not attempt to describe his raptures at the idea of possessing this charming being. He loved as another loved before him, "not wisely but too well." His passion interfered with his modes of action—affected his very tone and manners—gave at times an awkwardness, a *niaiserie*, as the French have it, to his expression and gestures. These infallible signs of a genuine attachment provoked Miss Thornhaugh, sometimes, to exercise her powers of tormenting, in a way I was sorry to see. She, who was good nature and kindness itself to every living being, was a little too hard

sometimes upon this devoted lover—but this never occurred before her father. The Admiral was so fond of Captain Vivian that even the love he bore his daughter seemed weak in comparison; and I am quite sure that had he detected her in the commission of any of her little acts of tyranny, she would, darling as she was, have paid dear for it.

Well! The engagement soon became matter of public discourse—settlements were being prepared. Captain Vivian made frequent visits at Middleton. That is to say, he made very brief absences. After one of these, he came, but not alone—He came, by the Admiral's desire, accompanied by his particular friend, Mr. Laurence Hervey.

Laurence and Captain Vivian had been attached from boyhood. Their parents, now all dead, had been connected by ties of the closest friendship, and the sentiment seemed to have descended, if possible, with added intensity upon their sons. The children had, as long as

circumstances would admit, been educated together; and when the decided taste Harry shewed for the sea, with the equal repugnance manifested to it by Laurence, had at length separated them—as in the parting of brothers—distance seemed to do nothing in diminution of affection, and they felt united by a tie too peculiar to themselves to be weakened by competition with newer attachments. Accustomed to share every thought and feeling with Laurence, Harry was all impatience to introduce him to his charming betrothed: and the Admiral, discerning his wishes, had begged the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Hervey.

Nothing could be more unlike in appearance than the two friends. I should imagine the contrast might have been carried through every feature of their dispositions, habits, views, and feelings. Captain Vivian, formed for activity, with light and animated gestures, and speaking, glowing, rather ruddy countenance:—Laurence, tall, pale, with an air of

languor, amounting almost to extenuation—features of delicate outline, but strongly defined character—a brow of reflection, almost of melancholy—dark hair shading it, though not heavily—eyes remarkably still, yet sufficiently expressive when he was speaking—a very sweet voice—and a calm smile that was both soft and feeling. I remarked too, the extreme beauty of his hand—the delicacy and whiteness of which, though the fingers were rather too long, added in a singular manner to the gracefulness of his appearance: for though less fashionable and complete, if one may say so, in his dress and manners, than Captain Vivian, he was perhaps as elegant in his way.—There certainly was something in the unaffected repose, amounting almost to indifference, which characterised his face and deportment—still more refined, than the carriage of a finished man of the world, which, after all, he might be said to want.

I have said their mental were as strongly contrasted as their physical qualities. One was

all life and action—the other all reflection and enquiry. While one pursued a brilliant profession with ardour, the other had chosen no profession at all; preferring the gratification of his taste for study and speculation to all the temptations of avarice or ambition. The one, quick and prompt, with a native vigour and good sense which taught him, as it were by instinct, how to proceed, reflected little, read less, and did much;—the other, endowed with an acute and discerning mind, examined much, read immensely, and did nothing. Yet in some things they closely resembled each other. They were alike free from all that was narrow, selfish, or interested, in their notions; and alike exempt from those irregular habits too common with men of the world.

They came in late—the candles were already lighted in the drawing-room—the fire blazing bright, and crackling.—The Admiral always would have a good fire in an evening in September.

I thought Miss Thornhaugh looked beautifully shy; and yet there was the suspicion of a smile in the corners of her mouth, as Captain Vivian, with a little too much fuss, and a little too much hurry, (for, as I have remarked, honest true love does not make us graceful,) presented to her his long-limbed friend, who looked very quiet, but excessively shy too. The Admiral, who happily saw nothing at all of these little awkwardnesses, welcomed Mr. Hervey with his usual cordiality; while I, who was always stupid, stirred the fire, and made the room so hot that Miss Thornhaugh could scarcely endure it.

"And now, my dear creature," said she, in her usual lively way, "as you have made my cheeks an admirable colour, may I trouble you to give me a screen, and let me obscure that noble blaze a little. Mr. Hervey, if I do not mistake, you will be glad to find another within your reach, and not sorry for tea in this torrid zone. Captain Vivian, will you oblige me so

far as to ring that bell? How far have you come to-day?"

"From town—and with four horses," said Laurence quietly.

"No doubt," said the Admiral; "Harry is not a fellow to loiter in the chase—all sails set, eh? how many knots an hour?"

"Indeed, sir, I kept no reckoning."

"Ten to twelve miles an hour," said Laurence. "Captain Vivian had the wand of the enchanter; and the horses flew, as if their impatience equalled his own."

"I cannot conceive why you will be in such a prodigious hurry, Captain Vivian," said the young lady. "How vastly wise was he who said a man of sense may be in a haste, but never—...." but her father was there, and she pursed up her pretty mouth, dropped her eyes, and looked as innocent as a lamb.

Tea came in, and was handed about.—Miss Thornhaugh never made tea—I think that was a pity. I like the tea board, and the hissing

urn, and the people gathering round; but every thing that looked in the least like being useful, was quite out of character with her. She idled away her whole time. The Admiral was too good a disciplinarian to render female interference necessary in his household; and Miss Thornhaugh, though she presided at his table and in his drawing-room, took no part in his housekeeping. To tell the truth, that was partly my doing—I had been the Admiral's secretary, and when his friendship made me a sharer of his fire-side, my old habits made me love to be useful, and I became, in fact, the maître d'hotel.

While she was sipping her tea, how light and gay was her attitude, how playful her smiles, as she turned from her father to her lover, from her lover to his friend! for she had soon recovered her self-possession, and was all airy trifling.

Captain Vivian looked as if he could not take his eyes from her face; and this seemed

to make her at times impatient; and if their eyes met, she would turn hers almost haughtily away.—His adoration was too undisguised, it is true, and it perhaps offended her taste and delicacy before a stranger.

As for that stranger, he watched her also with looks of great, I might say deep, interest: but what surprised me extremely, I did not think he appeared to admire her very much. He was the first man I had ever seen who had the air of considering her with a critical eye—Every one, in general, was so fascinated by her charms, that even to investigate their source seemed impossible, far less to discern the slightest defect in them. When she spoke saucily, as she did once or twice to Captain Vivian, Laurence looked displeased; and when she addressed himself, with an insinuating politeness which I should have thought no mortal could have resisted, answered drily.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning, Mr. Hervey was walking much in the garden by himself—musingly—as I thought; and when Captain Vivian reproached him for his stoicism, that he could for a moment absent himself from the society of so charming a creature, he smiled in his quiet way, and said:—

"Nay, Harry, don't desire me to be intoxicated, too.—The spectacle of one man thus deprived of reason is surely enough at a time;

—You have emptied the cup yourself, and left no poison for your friend—But, indeed," as Harry's brow darkened, "she is a most beautiful and charming creature, and furnishes the very best excuse a man could find for what—I beg your pardon—but really I cannot help it—does seem to me a strange infatuation. You lovers appear to us sober men as the dancers do when I close my ears in a ball-room—one is at a loss to conceive what causes all this excitement and hurry.—But don't be angry, Harry," for Captain Vivian looked heated—"No, if I spoke truly, I should rather pity you, and could wish you did not love so well."

"Perhaps," said Captain Vivian, with a sigh, "perhaps I do love too well—at least it is utterly out of the question that such a fellow as I should meet with an equal return—but then she is an angel—and to adore her without reason or measure appears to me all that is most reasonable in the world. Confess, Laurence, confess she is an angel."

"An enchantress, without doubt," said Laurence.

"But can you see a defect in that lovely face—that faultless form? Don't laugh at me, Laurence. We are not accustomed to pass our days among such beings.—We cannot imitate you landsmen—you philosophers, in a heartless indifference, which I envy you as little as you do me, my devoted—my happy passion."

Laurence smiled again: but his friend did not see it. They were joined by the Admiral and his daughter. Captain Vivian was at her side—his arm was offered, with a look too submissive.—It provoked her, and she would not take the arm.

"No, no—not yet—let me enjoy my charming liberty while I may.—For the love of heaven, don't let us anticipate! Mr. Hervey, I do hope you like my garden—I do hope you admire the taste with which I have arranged all these parterres, and the knowledge of botany I have displayed. You are

a botanist, I conclude—Captain Vivian assures me that you know of every thing upon the earth,—and above the earth,—and under the earth too, if he is to be credited. You know we sea-men are a wee bit superstitious, and whistle for a wind, and see flying Dutchmen—and are apt to fancy science is art-magic—Eh, Captain Vivian?"

Captain Vivian looked annoyed.—He was not exempt from trifling weaknesses of this sort; and she had taught him to be ashamed of them.

"If you arranged this flower-garden, Miss Thornhaugh," said Laurence, to turn the conversation, "I may safely compliment you on your scientific knowledge, whatever my own may be.—It is remarkably well done."

"Pooh!" said the Admiral, "she arrange it! she knows nothing about it. I should be sorry to see her poring over musty books, tormenting my ears with long names—or soiling her dainty hands with pottering in a garden

—She knows a rose from a cabbage—That is enough for a sailor's daughter."

"Alas, Mr. Hervey—all too true—There is no knowledge in me—I have at least abstained from that tree, if such there be in the garden. "I believe," laughing, "because it never was pointed out to me. I never was bid not—so I scarcely know one tree from another, except by its beauty. I do think roses, and lilacs, and honeysuckles, most delightful creatures; but I abhor their clever names."

"Then you have disposed them in those charming arbours?" persisted Laurence.

"Too idle for that—no, I have left all to the gardener—that old Adam—do you see him there, Mr. Hervey?—He loves this garden as if it were his child—his own creation.—Though it is not *that*—for you may be sure those yew hedges with peacocks at the corners are of the taste of our revered ancestors.—No, I never give an order—it would break his heart if I did."

"Then what *do* you do?"

"Oh, I flutter about as idle and useless as a butterfly—some think as ornamental," looking at her father—"some as volage and as trifling;" and she glanced at Laurence—then at Vivian. He was still looking out of countenance. "Ah, Captain Vivian, why do you not come to my support, as usual? Why will you not give your voice with me for the *bella cosa far niente?* Confess we both of us delight in it—Confess we are content to worship the exquisiteness of nature, without analyzing—and dissecting—and examining—and losing all the charm, in accounting for it—like *philosophers!*"

"So you literally do nothing," continued Laurence, amused.

"So I literally do nothing—and I never mean to do more. I think business the most ugly body in the world—ever since I read in "Evenings at Home," how she was dressed in a grey stuff, and her sash stuck with knitting needles—scissors—bodkins—and crisping irons.

Acknowledge, Mr. Hervey, that is not very attractive—except to the *very wise*."

Her arm was in Captain Vivian's by this time. He had taken it on her addressing him and held her hand in his—She looked pleased and happy, as he did. "We have a weakness for the lady with the wreath of roses, have we not, Captain Vivian?" The *we* gained a squeeze for the hand that he was holding.

"I believe if you had on the stuff gown—knitting needles—crisping irons—and all—I should think even that enchanting—But I prefer the roses."

"I am sure *I* do," said Laurence, "and I hope they last for ever, that is all."

"They would not be so sweet if they did," said she.

Laurence looked pleased with her now. As he afterwards said, there was no resisting her on Captain Vivian's arm—she had such a gay sweetness in her eyes—looked so happy—and made him so exquisitely so! Yet he confessed

he could not entirely like the situation of his friend. "He should love her less—if he would ensure his felicity—She ought to be controlled —She has been too long idolised—Her lover should exercise a certain authority over her—she would love him the better if he did—Harry might make her everything one could wish—if he were not so foolishly in love—How can a man of his sense surrender himself so blindly to a wayward wilful girl?—Marriage is a grave business—a man should not enter upon it as if he were beginning a romance—She must be the mistress of his family, the mother of his children—why does he indulge every whim, and flatter every caprice?—But it is of no use reasoning with one in a dream—indeed it only vexes him—yet I do wish he would make her a little more afraid of him—respect him a little more."

Laurence felt acutely whenever he saw Captain Vivian out of countenance at her raillery—He confessed that she was spright-

ly, but that her wit had scarcely sufficient poignancy to put a man of spirit out of countenance. His pride seemed offended for his friend—though, had he been in Harry's place, he would himself little have heeded Miss Thornhaugh's playful impertinence—but he could not endure to see Captain Vivian's mortified, crest-fallen look before her—It sometimes made him so irritable, that he became really unjust, and took that amiss in her which, on any other occasion, he would have thought the most innocent mischief in the world.

"I confess honestly," said he to her, with some asperity, one day—after a little scene had passed of the nature I have alluded to; "I would cut and run if I were Harry—I never will believe that a woman esteems the man she dares to trifle with in this manner; and if you do not esteem him and that immeasurably—allow me to say, you want a discernment into character — common to all the rest of the world."

"I flatter myself I can discriminate as justly as some infinitely wiser, and all that, than myself—and know how to appreciate these characters of immeasurable perfection; but if Captain Vivian expects to have me in a perpetual attitude of adoration, at his ineffable qualities—I tell his friend—and I am ready to tell himself—that he is mistaken."

"He is very much mistaken in putting himself into that attitude with respect to yours."

"No doubt—Others are more measured in their sentiments—But I know you don't like me, Mr. Hervey—and I can't think why."

"To be sure," said Laurence, and he could not help smiling, "it is difficult to find a *why*, for not adoring a being so faultless."

"I don't fancy myself without faults, whatever you may think—but I do detest being told of them. My father never tells me of them—Captain Vivian I believe really likes me all the better for them—so it would be quite a

pity to correct them merely for a whim of yours."

"A great pity certainly — faults are delightful things — unfortunately they are a sort of thing of which the charm has a trick of escaping—Men sometimes get weary of being tormented — and their feelings refuse, after a certain period, to accept carelessness for kindness, and indifference for affection."

"Indifference!"

"Yes, Miss Thornhaugh, indifference—If I were a woman—if I were you, I think I should adore Harry — I love him well now — but to be his chosen, his beloved — to have excited all the passion of that honest heart, to have melted such a high spirited temper to very girlish softness—not because he is weak, but because—his feelings are so strong—Would I, if I were a woman, trifle with such a heart?—No, I should love deeply, seriously, earnestly—as he ought—as he de-

serves to be loved. Knowing how infinitely my nature and qualities were inferior to his—I would not childishly endeavour to lower him to my standard—No—I would try to merit the partiality I had inspired—To do credit to the choice he had made."

"Vastly fine—You know very much about the matter. I shall be content with studying to *please* him—Whatever my ignorance in other matters may be, do confess I understand that. I don't think he hates me yet—do you?—Do you think he ever will! And do you really believe if I were to go moping about—striving to be excellent—and deserving, and worthy of such a paragon — which heaven knows I never shall be—that he would like it? Pooh! you are a child in these matters—all wise, and grave, and most melancholily disapproving as you now look. We shall do very well if you will let us alone—I am breaking him in—he will go beautifully in harness by and bye—you yourself shall confess it—I *am*

more fit to drive than he—you know I am, and ....."

"And he is a great fool," said Laurence bitterly.

"And what are you, Mr. Hervey?—Can you possibly be so very absurd—"

"I see you don't care for him—you could not, if you did, use him as you do."

"Don't I? So much the worse for him—We shall see whether any one will care more for you. Fine as you are, Mr. Hervey, you may be glad if you are ever loved like Harry Vivian."

And so she left him, rather hastily; and away she went to Harry, whom she found somewhat sulky in the drawing-room; and lavished on him such a thousand pretty smiles and wiles, that they were the best friends in the world before Laurence, in his indolent lounging manner, had reached the house.

When he entered he was convinced that all was forgiven—that half a dozen soft words had

dissipated all Captain Vivian's indignation, and that Harry was more a slave than ever. He sighed and he smiled—She looked up at him, as he entered the room, with a sort of triumphant "you see how it is" air—and then glanced with a little saucy smile at Captain Vivian—Laurence felt angry again—"She is deceiving him," he thought.

Laurence was greatly mistaken—But, unfortunately, he had a bad opinion of women; he thought them for the most part shallow in their understandings, volatile in their feelings, and capricious in their tempers. He believed every woman, at heart, a coquette, taking pleasure in exercising an empire over men, by playing with their best affections, while she recompensed them with very little return of her own.—He had lived much in the great world, and had taken his ideas of the sex from what he witnessed in the haunts of fashion and dissipation.—In truth, he was little a believer in virtue of any sort, for he had seen so much cant, pretence, and hy-

pocrisy, that he always distrusted appearances. He ought with this temper to have placed some confidence in the reality of Miss Thornhaugh's good qualities, because she was so far at least from affecting any—but he looked upon her with a jaundiced eye; he almost would not be pleased—He could not tolerate the empire she exercised over his friend, especially as he believed, and justly, that it was of a nature that wedlock would not destroy; he thought Harry was bewitched to see so many virtues, as well as so many charms, in his idol—he never suspected how he might himself be bewitched and bear an eye distorted by prejudice. Miss Thornhaugh was in fact much more resembling the faultless image in Harry's heart, than the idle trifler of his own imagination.

CHAPTER IV.

So things went on; Miss Thornhaugh little diverted from her amusement by the grave looks of the philosopher—who, indeed, to tell the truth, was no very great favourite with any of us. We had our own ways of proceeding, may-be not the wisest in the world, and we looked with little kindness upon the man who appeared, if not absolutely to disapprove, at least not much to relish them. Captain Vivian I could see, leaned to our side of the question, and was in some measure less entirely one with Mr. Hervey than he had been; Laurence

perhaps perceived this, and attributing it to the increasing influence of Miss Thornhaugh, it was not likely to augment his satisfaction in that influence. All these different feelings at play produced scenes lively and entertaining enough to the observer of human character, as I, from that chair on the lower side of the fire, which it was my privilege to occupy just opposite the Admiral's—used to be.

Miss Thornhaugh caught a cold—This cold was so very becoming, that I half suspected it was only a manœuvre of coquetry. Her face tied up with an elegant lace handkerchief, contrasting delicately with her jetty hair—two eyes looking most provokingly bright and saucy above all the wrappings of an invalid—half a dozen cachemeres, as it is now the fashion to call them, about her, hanging upon her shoulders, or over her arms, forming the most charming draperies around her beautiful figure, or thrown with happy negligence upon half the chairs and couches in the room—Surely

never sickness was more captivating. Captain Vivian was happy—tending her, as only seamen, of all men on earth, know how. He was so gentle a nurse, it was a pity there was not more real occasion for his services—Mr. Hervey seemed more out of humour than ever—especially when, after she had been reposing on the sofa, covered up to the nose, whispering and chatting with Harry, who sat close by the head of the couch—a wave of the curtain might give a glance of a charming moonlight, and she would be up in an instant, and on the shining gravel walk, — may-be with a shawl, may-be without, just as it happened.

Could Captain Vivian, who followed her, to assist her in gathering her bunches of roses and geraniums, and who attended her through all the mazes of the garden, object to such imprudence? He remonstrated, as much as he thought it his duty, and was but too happy to have his remonstrances disregarded. The Admiral never troubled his head with precau-

tions, nor with fears; he did not believe, I think, that there was such a thing as sickness in the world—his lovely daughter had given him no experience of it—Her maladies were usually of this light nature, and she was accustomed to manage them as best pleased herself.

She came in again with a colour like a rose, coughing furiously.

"A delightful evening, Mr. Hervey—Only conceive, Captain Vivian—there is your friend with that very book which he has had in his hand these three days.—There, read away;" and she threw an immense heap of flowers over it.

"Even this, Miss Thornhaugh," looking up gravely, "shall not tempt me to seem the thing that is not—nor to say that you are wise to go out this evening—nor that Harry is wise to allow you. How you cough!"

"Well, I confess that I do cough, but I am certain this charming air can only do me good,

for this room is insufferably hot;" and she threw up the window, and stood with her shawl thrown negligently over her, just before it.

"Well, Miss Thornhaugh, it is no affair of mine—But I do wonder, Admiral—I do wonder, Harry.—Why, Vivian! she will be in a fever to-morrow."

She coughed again.

"My dear Miss Thornhaugh . . . " said Captain Vivian, and he made a gesture to shut the window.

"No," said she obstinately enough, but in a low voice; "not to please *him* — Captain Vivian, if you are his slave, I am not—I will do nothing at *his* bidding."

"Not even when he is right?"

"Not even when he is right—but he never is right—except when he is *right* cross."

"Then for my sake, Iñez, do be persuaded; it is so very cold."

"For your sake! ah, that is prettily said,

I do not mean expressed, every one *says* that. But, Harry, you are sure you don't ask me, because he bids you?—I hate tyrants—Shut the window."

And she came back, shivering and looking as pale as she before had looked red. Laurence now spoke out. He certainly was a strange kind of person, with all his air of quiet languor—he could be so authoritative, yet he never even raised his voice; and every body minded what he said, though he spoke so low and carelessly, as it were.

"Miss Thornhaugh, I may be a tyrant—I wish I were absolute here, and I would send you to bed—Captain Vivian, you don't understand coughs—I do—and tell you that if this goes on long ——."

"To bed, indeed!" said she, "like a scolded child! I shall do no such thing."

"You had better."

"Indeed, Miss Thornhaugh—you are ill—do confess it for once," said Captain Vivian pleadingly.

"Go to bed," said Laurence.

"Then I wont," said she, provoked at his interference. "I wonder how in the name of heaven we existed before Mr. Laurence Hervey came among us—Such a set of foolish, ignorant children! It is a merciful thing we got on at all. I wonder whether I am to be allowed, most wise Signor, to get up in the morning—if like a chidden child, I go to bed now?"

"No!"

"You will be very glad of that for one,"—a violent fit of coughing, and her hand at her side.

"Why don't you go to bed?" reiterated Laurence.

"Why, you had better, my dear," said the Admiral, lifting his head from a book of charts, which he was studying. "I never heard you cough so before: what Mr. Laurence says is really very wise—Bed is the proper place for you. Don't go on coughing in that way."

"Oh! to be sure— Now I must go. Harry

the longest day I live, I never will forgive you for making a master of that tiresome man. Any more orders?" curtseying to him with a vexed ironical air, as she took the candle Captain Vivian presented.

"No more," said Laurence, rising and looking as if he would not be provoked. "I wish you a very good night, Miss Thornhaugh; and that you may not find cause, before morning, to be less angry with me than you are now."

Cause enough she had, at least, to acknowledge the wisdom of his advice. We did not see her again in the drawing-room for three weeks. Mr. Hervey had often proposed to leave us during this time, but the distress of Captain Vivian was so excessive, at the danger into which Miss Thornhaugh had been thrown, by his and her imprudence, that he was easily persuaded to remain near him. I must say he was very kind on this occasion, shewing his friendship by a series of affectionate atten-

tions, which quite surprised me, from a person of so indifferent a temper.

Miss Thornhaugh at length appeared again, looking pale and thin, but not one whit subdued in spirit. She was, if possible, more wilful than ever, and seemed determined to make the best of the short time allowed her, to torment her lover and his friend.

I say short time—and her malice was perhaps increased by that circumstance. Captain Vivian had, during her convalescence, been pleading hard for shortening the period of his probation. She had resisted and expostulated and refused—but a "Pooh, pooh, nonsense," from her father had settled the matter at once —A month, and they were to be married.

Well—She came down, as I said, not quite in humour at this, and with a spirit which seemed only to have gathered strength, with what might have quelled that of another.—There happened to be a lady sitting in the drawing-room, who had called upon her, and among

other female chat, the lady began to lament that Miss Thornhaugh could not be present at the hunt-ball, which was to take place in a few days.

"Not be present!—My dear Mrs. Grandison, what could possibly put so strange a notion into your head?—I shall most certainly be there."

"You?" said Captain Vivian.

Laurence was standing in a corner of the room—He only lifted up his eyes with a significant "Whew!"

She was provoked at this, for she saw it—She gave him a hasty, angry glance, and turned her head quickly away—It was to vex him that she said,

"Yes, Mrs. Grandison. I shall most certainly go—Lord Edward Beauchamp is steward. I would not miss it for the universe."

"Oh no!" said Mrs. Grandison, who was a silly woman enough—laughing affectedly, "I remember, my dear, that he was a great admirer of yours—In gratitude you ought to go. You will break his heart if you don't."

"And there will be a coxcomb the less," said the Admiral gruffly.

"A coxcomb!" said Mrs. Grandison, "La! Admiral, how can you say so? He's a most elegant creature; is he not, Miss Thornhaugh?"

"I always thought so," was the answer,-- "But here, we can relish nothing but quarter deck manne

I felt sorry she said that—very sorry—So was she, when the Admiral spoke—"Miss Thornhaugh, that is the first speech of yours I ever wished unsaid."

"Then I wish my tongue had been bitten off before I had said it, dearest papa,"—was the sweet tempered reply, going up to him and smiling so gently—But her eyes flashed as she added—"Let no one else take it as an apology."

Captain Vivian coloured and looked down—His face, when his feelings were wounded, took so sweet and melancholy an expression, I wondered she could resist it.

"Too bad," said Laurence aloud, and left the room.

Mrs. Grandison took leave, and we felt more uncomfortable after she was gone.

At last, Captain Vivian raised his head, and with a gravity and authority I had never seen him assume before, though it became him well, advanced and said,—

"Perhaps the time is not yet come when I am warranted in making a request—almost amounting to a command!"

"A command!—No, indeed!"

"*I* have not forgotten—if you have—what I suffered in consequence of my weak acquiescence in former imprudence—May I *beg* that it may not be repeated?"

"Sturdy begging, Sir! I always refuse such petitioners!"

"You will not refuse me, Iñez?"

"I shall, Captain Vivian."

"I am very sorry for it," looking hurt, but not abashed as usual.

"You cannot possibly suppose, that I shall give up going to a ball, when a very old and

valued friend is steward merely — . . . Lord Edward would be excessively surprised that I, of all people, should stay away—"

"And what in the devil's name," thundered the Admiral—(she had quite forgotten that he was present) "does it signify, what ten thousand perfumed puppies, like Lord Edward, think, or don't think? If Harry says you had better not go—why you had better not go"—and so saying he went out of the drawing-room.

"No," said Captain Vivian in the low tone of deeply wounded feeling. "I beg leave to retract my interference. If my wishes," with softness, again, "if my anxious wishes—if my past sufferings, all plead in vain. Iñez, if they plead in vain, why, I have no desire to exercise an influence that requires a father's command to enforce it. I beg your pardon, Miss Thornhaugh. I have presumed upon my happiness too far—I see it in your eyes—I had presumed —fool!—puppy!—that my wishes—my peace —my . . . ."

His eyes were speaking volumes of tender eloquence—hers were beginning to melt—she was evidently relenting. I was about to leave the room, when, unluckily, Mr. Hervey re-entered.

The change was curious. Her figure bending to catch the whispering accents of her lover, who spoke low, and with his head bent down —her veiled eyes seeking the ground—the softened expression of her countenance—all changed like a charm. She was erect in an instant—her eye sparkling—her lip curling and—

"Upon my word, Captain Vivian, you require vastly too much," was her reply.

"I am answered," said he, and retreated a few paces.

She ran on, as people sometimes do, who wish to be contradicted. "So strange, to oppose in this obstinate manner a trifling pleasure on which I had set my heart—the last pleasure of the sort I shall ever enjoy. Adieu, all such

things for me, in a week or two—A mere caprice on your part—A mere exercise of tyranny, to which you have been urged, I make no doubt, by that most expert regulator of young ladies' affairs, that delicate censor of female proprieties, Mr. Laurence Hervey. I know his creed well enough. We are to be restrained, and controlled, and guided, even in the most insignificant matters. No exercise of discretion even in trifles for us. We are not gifted, at least, some of us, it would seem, with good sense, or good taste enough to decide for ourselves. But he has mistaken his game, or your game, if he thinks to rule me! I detest tyranny. I abhor jealous tyrants, and all their caprices; and to show I detest them, here I vow!——"

"Oh, Miss Thornhaugh!" cried I, quite forgetting how improper it was in me to interfere.

"Even you!" said she, turning quickly round. "This is too bad. What a combination! Poor Captain Vivian! What, do you require

so much support to make your part good? I am sorry, sir, that we cannot discuss our trifling disagreements without taking the whole world into our confidence," looking at us all with sovereign contempt. "Lord Edward Beauchamp, I'll engage for it, retains no advocates."

"Perhaps not," said Captain Vivian. "He is happier in that, than I am."

"He ought to be—He can manage his affairs of the heart without being backed by his friends."

"If all this tirade be directed against me, Miss Thornhaugh," said Laurence, at length, "you may spare yourself the trouble of continuing it.—I beg to say, that so ridiculous an idea as that of supporting Captain Vivian's cause with you, never entered into my head —I confess I have taken the liberty, once or twice, to remonstrate with you, because I own it did appear to me that I was the only creature in the whole circle of your acquaintance,

sufficiently insensible to your fascinations to possess the power of doing it with any effect. I may have been romantic enough to conceive that truth, when pointed out, might have been admitted by a mind so candid as I *once* thought yours. I believed too, as the friend of Captain Vivian, what I might have to offer would have been received with an indulgence it otherwise had not merited. I...."

"No," interrupted Harry, "not as my friend—That is the last claim you should prefer, to the indulgence of Iñez—She is right—She despises a passion too humble—too uncontrolled—She contemns the possession of a heart that has, in its excess of devotion, perhaps forgotten to respect itself. To be a subject for capricious tormenting has been the highest excitement I have been able to afford her—To be led captive to adorn the triumph of another is, perhaps, the best reward she destines for my infatuation—But *that* I have still sense enough left to resist. She shall not

risk a life too precious, in order to indulge in that pleasure—*She* may go to this hunt-ball—I will not."

He turned away, for his voice faltered.—He was evidently deeply wounded.

She looked up at Laurence—His eyes were fixed on the ground—he seemed very sorry—fortunately she could not read the marked disapprobation in them which always drove her to defiance. So she turned to Captain Vivian, who had walked to a window, evidently struggling for that victory over himself, which he felt that he ought to achieve. She hesitated a moment—then rapidly crossed the room.

"Harry Vivian, I beg your pardon—I have behaved in a very silly and unworthy manner to you before these witnesses. It is right they should hear me acknowledge it. I do acknowledge, that I have trifled with your good opinion in a manner that merits the severe punishment of losing it for ever; but restore it to me this once—I will not forfeit it again. I will

certainly not go to this hunt-ball, as you think I ought not."

"Mr. Hervey!" The softness with which she had spoken to, and looked at Captain Vivian, giving way before her native spirit, as she turned with a sparkling determination to him: "Mr. Hervey! Be pleased to believe this apology has no reference to your interference, and that I can perform my duty to Captain Vivian without assistance of yours."

"I never doubted it," was his quiet answer; "and I own, I think you have at last acted—(I beg your pardon) as you ought at first to have done!"

It was my turn to feel angry then—The tears were in my old foolish eyes at what I thought so generous a submission—I knew how much such a condescension must have cost her, and while Captain Vivian took her hand and raised it to his lips, kissing it, I was bidding God bless them from the bottom of my heart. What Mr. Hervey said, sounded

strangely cold and hard to my ears; but she did not seem to care about it. He went away the next morning, and this was the last of the lovers' quarrels.

Miss Thornhaugh from this time did seem subdued—that is to say, there was a tenderness and softness about her, which might somewhat impair those brilliant flashes of wit, whims, and gaiety, than which, I used to think, nothing on earth could be more enchanting; but her softness proved more bewitching still. It is a comparison often made —perhaps stale and common place—but so I have seen the silver moon, on a clear still night, tinting that sweet garden with a trembling pallid lustre; bestowing a staid and sober radiance on the wilderness of bowers and thickets, a tender brilliancy on those pleasant waters —and then I have been led to think that hours there are, yet more beautiful, yet more impressive, than even those of the glorious, shining, beaming day.

CHAPTER V.

They were married.

Bright shone the sun through the azure sky — merrily rang the bells from our tall church steeple, which rose behind a grove of trees, at the opposite end of the town from Middleton Court, as the Admiral's house was called. Captain Vivian's elegant carriage and four, the Admiral's chariot, of sober green, and the carriages of one or two of the neighbouring gentlemen whose daughters were invited to the wedding, filled the court yard with an unusual air of hurry and bustle— while the little town wore an appearance of

festivity and gaiety, which reminded me of things I had seen in foreign Catholic countries, where they have a custom of adorning their houses, on occasion of their many processions, with pieces of tapestry of gaudy colours suspended from their windows.

As had been the custom in the town of Middleton, from time immemorial, on occasion of the marriage of any member of the family of the Court—the streets were garlanded with flowers, the windows and doors of the houses bedecked with evergreens and roses, and filled with faces awaiting in joyous expectation the approach of the gay procession.

Down from her chamber at length came the lovely bride—The transcendently lovely bride—I must use a big word. She was attired in a white dress; her raven hair, her dark piercing eyes, softened by the delicate veil that hung over—as one may have seen on a fine moonlight night the brilliant orb softened, but not concealed, by shadowy vapour. Those

animated features composed by modesty and by sentiment. Those lips wont to be parted by such flashing smiles, if I may use so strange an expression, now closed with a pensiveness that was more captivating than any thing I had ever before, or have ever since, seen.

She came down the ancient massive mahogany staircase, surrounded by the young ladies, her friends, who were to officiate as bridesmaids; looking like a tall virgin-lily among the other flowers, tripping softly, half reluctantly, forward, that small and delicate foot relieved by the dark stair she was treading.

There we stood to receive her—The Admiral and I, his faithful Achates, on one side, —Captain Vivian, the picture of graceful gallantry, as I thought, on the other—Behind him his friend Mr. Hervey.

I will only say of Captain Vivian, that I never saw a more charming countenance, one more full of manly joy and tenderness, await a bride, as he leaned eagerly forward on the

first appearance of the group at the head of the stairs. The Admiral was as erect as ever—perhaps more erect than ever; his countenance beaming with pride and exultation—an honest parent's best of pride—at the approach of his lovely daughter. As for me, my old eyes were, as usual, filling—I cannot look upon any thing very beautiful without being touched by this contemptible weakness—The eyes of Mr. Hervey never moved from Miss Thornhaugh; and I thought, at last, he did regard her with something like the admiration she merited.

The Admiral handed his daughter, for the last time, to his own carriage: the rest of us followed as we might, and we were soon dashing through the town.

I ought not to omit that among the ladies assembled on this occasion was Miss Dorothea —or, I should rather say, Miss Vivian.—She was a sister of Captain Vivian—but, as I have heard, above twenty years older than himself. It was said she had been very handsome in her

youth.—Every body declared that she was a most excellent and superior woman—As for her beauty, that was rather an old story—all that remained of it now was a long thin face—with large, hard looking eyes—a slight regularly formed nose—and lips thin and compressed—She carried her lofty figure perfectly erect, never bending her head except for a sort of stiff bow, which she intended as the extreme of courtesy—Her immoveable frigidity formed, certainly, a remarkable contrast with the flexible figure and ever varying countenance of Miss Thornhaugh.

Possibly she might be very good: at least, she said a great deal about goodness; never went to any public amusements, was always employed in governing and advising the poor—distributing good books—presiding at societies, schools, and so on—I cannot think what made me find her so disagreeable.

I don't know why she was invited to Captain Vivian's wedding.—She looked strangely grim and out of place among all those merry

young people at the wedding breakfast,—like death's head at a feast, as they say—and she had a certain dignified air of disapprobation at times on her countenance, when she looked at my dear, sweet Miss Thornhaugh, which made me hate her.—Such a contrast to her brother!

What a pretty breakfast it was—that wedding breakfast! The Admiral would put the bride and bridegroom side by side.—She resisted, in her playful way, and said she hated such old fashioned doings, and should sit by her husband's friend, Mr. Hervey. Laurence did not look as if he cared enough about the privilege to be so indulged—she had been amusing herself the day before by bantering him, and he did not like it—So I was glad to see her sit by one who prized her, and doted on her, and idolized her—even more than her fond, fond father, or her more fond, and more foolish old friend.

She took me aside after breakfast, and, giving me a small box which contained a plain ring with a stone of great value, begged me to wear it for her sake.

"I need not recommend my dearest, dearest father to you, Mr. Roper—You love him as well as I can do—You have served him better far—But if ever you for a moment feel coldness creeping on between you and your old friend, look upon this talisman—remember the daughter far away, who loves *you* dearly—but would *die* for him."

Tears were in her radiant eyes as she spoke—tears that affected me much—They rarely were seen from Miss Thornhaugh—But though she bore up courageously, they fell in streams, as she flung her arms round the old Admiral's neck; and pressed kiss after kiss on his rugged countenance, bidding him farewell, and answering his blessings by her prayers.

But the leave-taking was over — Harry Vivian placed his bride in the carriage, the horses, which had been pawing and prancing, and tearing up the gravel walk in a shocking manner, dashed forward, and away they flew.

How dull every one feels when a wedding

is over, and the young couple gone! all the excitement and interest of the story at an end, the book closed, and every body dismissed to common life once more: to that common life, so irksome to our natures, to our high imaginative natures, that we are all incessantly striving, though almost unknown to ourselves, to escape its monotony; some by action, some by romantic reverie, some by virtuous exertion for others, some by vicious indulgence of themselves, striving to excite those high powers which seem to lie undisclosed within the heart of man. But love! alas! it seems to me that love is the only passion which thoroughly and entirely possesses this hidden power; and I am inclined to think that it is to this, and to this alone, that divinity owes his hold upon minds, of the best and fairest order. He comes under so seducing an aspect—with visions so beautiful, though so false—with promises so sweet, yet so vain . . . . . but where am I straying? I have not the wit to moralize; and,

though I think a good deal, how should I put down my thoughts in a form to be useful to others? I who have lived upon the stormy roaring waters, listening to the hoarse voice of the seaman; submitting to the stern laws of naval discipline; where should I find skill to speak of the softer passions?—of that softest, most treacherous of passions, whose voice, like that of the fabled Syrens, mentioned in Mr. Pope's Odyssey, so enchanted men—that when they heard—though the cruel rocks, whitened with the bones of the betrayed, stood gloomily warning before their eyes,—they could not, they would not, but listen—they could not, they would not, but be lost.

We stood all of us some time on the steps. The wind had risen a little, and those large old elms were rocking to and fro, and the rooks waving on their branches. The Admiral was looking up, as it seemed, towards them. I, rather troubled at the state in which our beautiful gravel walk appeared, was treading up and

down, with my hands in my pockets, endeavouring to repair the damage with my feet. Mr. Hervey, in a deep reverie, was walking to and fro beneath the trees, the ladies sauntering under the portico. Nobody had much to say, until Miss Vivian courteously approached the Admiral, and begged to order her carriage. A signal for the young ladies to order their's.

At this little stir, Mr. Hervey came up, with, "And it is time, Admiral, I should order mine."

"Yours! why you are not going to leave us yet, Mr. Hervey? I and my old friend here shall be lost by ourselves. Where are you for?"

"For the continent," said Laurence. "For Paris."

"Sorry for it," said the Admiral, who never could, or indeed had tried to conquer, the anti-gallican prejudices of the days of naval victories and bumpers of port. "What the devil

must all you youngsters go to Paris for, now-a-days? What will you learn there—except to make a palaver and strike your colours?"

"Much worse than that," said Miss Vivian gravely. "He will learn to read Voltaire, and deny his Maker."

"It is not necessary to go to Paris to do the first," said Laurence. "Nor is the second an inevitable consequence of such a proceeding."

"As for Voltaire, and Rousseau," said the Admiral, "and a heap of infidel French jacobins, who pestered the world when I was your age, Mr. Laurence; I don't suppose there's much in their rubbish to hurt such a head as yours; but I hate Paris—I hate the French, and all their ways—their coxcomb airs—their kickshaws—their congees—their high flying, nonsensical, republican trash" . . . .

"Their irreligion," again interrupted Miss Vivian, "their horrid infidelity—their licentious profligacy—their contempt of all the laws of morality and decency."

"Really, Miss Vivian," said Laurence, "you give the second, if not the first, nation in the world rather hard measure."

"I give them what they deserve," said she angrily, "and I wonder at, and I always shall wonder at, and regret too, Mr. Hervey, your partiality for a nation so odious and so dangerous. I know what I say has never the slightest influence with you; but I shall live to see you repent of your contempt for all that is sacred and respectable; and your foolish *engoument* —I hate to use a French word—for this blasphemous and licentious nation."

"Indeed, Miss Vivian," said Laurence drily, "I don't know where you learned so much about their licentiousness and profligacy. It cannot be that you have stolen a march upon us, and made a little actual experience at Paris. I am very much afraid you must have been reading wicked French novels."

"French novels? no indeed! but without polluting the mind with such reading, or dis-

gusting one's nicer sense by visiting Paris, one may, if one chooses to observe, form a judgment of the ways of thinking peculiar to a nation, and draw an inference as to their probable consequences. I know what I say—I abhor utterly French irreligion, French indelicacy, French gallantry. No son of mine, nor daughter of mine—had I been a mother—should have been contaminated by communication with a nation—which I look upon as that monster typified in the sacred, mysterious, yet unsealed book—as making many nations drunk with the cup of her iniquities; as the mother of blasphemies, the great mystical head of abominations. No! no, Mr. Laurence—No son nor daughter of mine should ever go there. So I used to say to your poor mother, when Mr. Hervey would send you abroad to complete your education—I knew what would come—I know what will and must come of it—"

"Indeed, my dear madam—I hope that the greatest harm that ever has, or will, come of

it is, that I prefer a French *necessaire* to an English shaving-box—and a *vol au vent* to a pigeon pie."

"Well, well, I have done."

I have observed that people of a cold temper, and no great range of ideas, frequently see particular objects with a justice that more brilliant wits might envy; but they have too often such a disagreeable dictatorial way of expressing themselves, that they force one, mistaking excess of right for wrong, to believe that what is so positively announced must have been hastily determined upon, and what so passionately advocated be doubtless exaggerated—I felt at this moment that nothing upon earth could be so absurdly prejudiced as Miss Vivian—nothing so reasonable as Laurence—I found cause to alter my opinion.

Miss Vivian's warnings, whether just or not, had, however, no effect at this time.

Mr. Hervey went immediately abroad, where he remained, and chiefly at Paris during several years.

Captain Vivian and his lady finished the happiest honey-moon that ever was passed, and went to reside at a very pleasant, though not very large, house, which he took in Spring Gardens. He had, as I have said, a handsome fortune, but as he did not in the least intend to abandon his profession, he made no purchase.

Here they lived in elegant mediocrity, neither mingling in the dissipations of the regularly fashionable world, nor abstaining from the society of those of their own rank and fortune. Mrs. Vivian, in spite of all her professions of idleness and indifference, managed her family, and those affairs of her husband which fell properly under her cognizance, as I always hoped and expected she would. Without losing her sprightly gaiety, she conducted all with order and prudence—and, abating not one whit of her elegant carelessness, contrived to be both useful and good. Two sweet little girls were born to them during this period.

They were neither abandoned to interested nursery maids, nor did the charming mother forget that she was a wife, to become a nursery maid herself. A system of judicious superintendence effected all that was desirable. The children were healthy, active, and intelligent. Graceful, lovely, beautiful, how could they fail to be with such parents?

Can any one forget that sweet sketch, drawn by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Mr. Calmady's children? I remember, the first time I saw the engraving in the shops, I thought it was intended for Captain Vivian's little girls. The eldest, Miss Florence (she was called after the Captain's mother), had just that dark brown hair, curling in natural ringlets, those shining eyes, that sweet pensive smile which adorn the elder child in that charming drawing. The other little darling, Miss Georgy, had those flaxen curls, like her father when a boy, those large eyes, that open sensible forehead, and well defined small steady mouth, which one observes in the other portrait.

I never could tell which I loved the best. I used to sit with one on each knee, by the side of the ample, lofty fire-place in the drawing-room at Middleton Court, while the wind might be raving outside the house, and a cheerful fire blazing within—filling their little hearts with stories of a sailor's toils and a sailor's dangers, teaching them to love an honest sailor; breeding each, as I fondly hoped, like their sweet mother, to make a sailor happy. Then as I repeated some piteous story, the tears would roll, silent and slow, down the cheek of the eldest darling—while the little one would kindle up, and be all alive at a tale of strife and danger.

Captain Vivian and his lady spent most of the summer, and great part of the winter, with the Admiral—He never could bear to part with them or the children, and was always begging them to come back again—He loved the young ones more fondly, if possible, than he had loved their mother.

How often have I seen him walking up and down his garden, a little prattler in each hand, chatting and laughing like a child himself; while the Captain and my sweet young lady, arm-in-arm, were sauntering carelessly and happily along, at peace with each other and all the world—and certainly Mrs. Vivian's countenance did then acquire a gentleness and sweetness of expression (I thought it arose from her constant habit of smiling on her husband and children) which some might have thought it had wanted before.

But let me pause—let me pause to weep—Where are ye all?—sweet innocents!—blessed beings!—where are ye?—my pen refuses its office.—The task I have undertaken surpasses my force . . . . . .

The remainder of the story is evidently by another hand.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:

E. LOWE, PLAYHOUSE YARD, BLACKFRIARS.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 051353701